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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The May BOOKMAN will be a Special Spring Number and, in addition to all usual features, will contain an Illustrated Supplement dealing with the new Season's books.

We congratulate Messrs. Blackwood on the centenary of *Blackwood's Magazine* which they are celebrating this month. "Maga" has seen the birth and death of many promising rivals, and age is so far from having the usual effect on the circulation that its sales nowadays are much in excess of what they ever were before. It is the oldest and best of the monthlies—the only survivor of its kind—and we join with our contemporaries in wishing another hundred years of life to it.

Messrs. Putnam are publishing a new novel by Miss Leslie Moore, "Where There's a Will," the romance of a recluse who, warned by his doctor that he has only one more year to live, has his eyes opened to a great opportunity for doing good and formulates a scheme that is so wise as to seem eccentric.

Miss Phyllis Bottome, whose new novel, "Secretly Armed" (Chapman & Hall) we reviewed last month, began her literary career at the age of seventeen, when Andrew Lang, then reader for Messrs. Longmans, recommended that firm to publish her first book. Shortly after that date, she had to go abroad and spend the greater part of ten years in Italy, France and Switzerland, in search of health. She was always fortunate in finding a market for her short stories with the magazines, but says that "The Imperfect Gift" was the only one of her earlier books that met with much success. About two years ago she began to write regularly for the *Century*; "Secretly Armed" appeared there serially under the title of "The Dark Tower," and under the same name is published as a book by the Century Co. in America, and has had a very considerable success. Miss Bottome has completed a new novel, "The Second Fiddle," which will appear in book form on both sides of the Atlantic when it has made a serial appearance in the *Century*; and the Century Co. is preparing to issue a volume of her short stories. By birth Miss Bottome is English, but her father was born in America, where she lived in her childhood. At present she is combining her work as a novelist with work for the Welfare Department of the Ministry of Munitions.

"The Cinema Star," by Clive Holland, a novel of life as it is lived in cinema circles in London, Paris and Los Angeles, will be published shortly by Messrs. Grafton & Co.; who have also in the press, "Life Enjoyable," by Walter M. Gallichan, a practical treatise on the art of how to make the best of the world and be happy even in war-time.

The circulations of other successful novelists pale before those of Mr. Nat Gould, the sales of whose books now exceed ten million copies. Mr. John Long, who publishes all his works, announces another new novel, "The Smasher," by this super-popular author.

"My Life as a Naturalist," a new book by Percival Westall, the well-known writer and lecturer on natural history subjects, will be published shortly by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward, who also have in hand for early publication a volume of humorous drawings, "The History of the Hun," by Arthur Moreland, whose name and work were for a long succession of years very familiar to readers of the *Star*.

We are sorry to hear that Miss Marian Bower, whose latest book, "The Love Story of Guillaume-Marc," was published a week or two ago by Messrs. Hutchinson, is laid up in a London nursing home as the result of a rather serious accident. Although Miss Bower has been writing stories ever since she was a very young girl, she has only latterly taken up her work in earnest and written with something like regularity. She counts as her first really serious venture in literature the novel, "Skipper Anne," which was published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton; but for long past she has, as she puts it, "been feeling her way with a large number of short stories contributed to various magazines." In collaboration with Mr. Leon M. Lion, Miss Bower has written a play, tentatively called "The Chinese Puzzle," which has been purchased by Sir George Alexander, who is arranging to produce it at the St. James's Theatre, with himself in the principal character. She is busy on a new novel, which has been delayed by her accident, and on another play, again in collaboration with Mr. Lion.

Drawn by Doyle Jones. **Mr. Rafael Sabatini,** whose new romance, "The Snare" (Martin Secker), is reviewed in this Number.

"Mud and Khaki," a collection of stories and sketches from France and Flanders by Vernon Bartlett, will be published shortly by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Miss Lilian Whiteing, in "Canada the Spell-binder," which Messrs. Dent are publishing, gives an intimate, first-hand account of Canada and her people, describes the scenic beauties of the place and its present-day activities in town and country, and forecasts the industrial and commercial developments which will increase the wealth and greatness of the Dominion after the war.

"Moscow in Flames," a novel from the Russian of G. P. Danielovski, will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins is publishing shortly a new novel by Patrick MacGill, "The Brown Brethren," and has just published a piquant study of the feminist movement, "The Intelligence of Woman," by W. L. George. He also announces a remarkable first novel, "Helen of Four Gates," by a writer who began life as a mere child in a Lancashire mill and remained working there until recently.

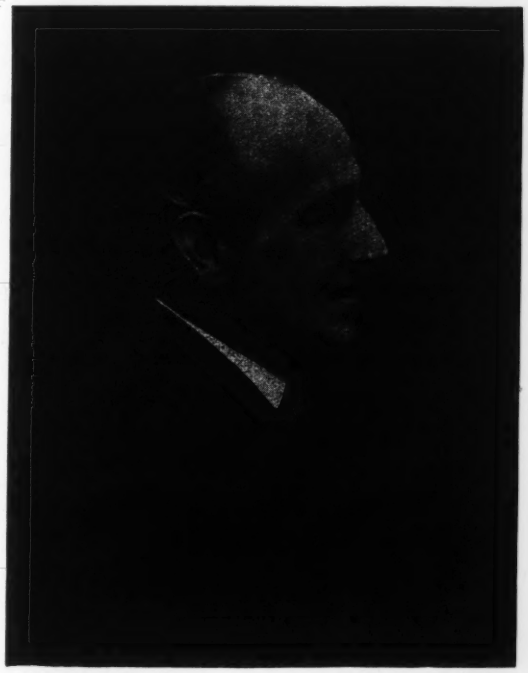


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. H. Simonis,**
whose new book, "The Street of Ink," Messrs. Cassell have just published.

Mr. Robb Lawson, whose new volume, "The Story of the Scots Stage," is to be published immediately by Mr. Alexander Gardner, of Paisley, is well known as a dramatic critic and a writer on the drama and kindred subjects in the *Fortnightly*, *Contemporary*, *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, and other papers, including our own. He is known, too, in publishing circles as, incidentally, the originator and organiser of the National Book Fortnight. His last book, a collection of essays, "New Truths for Old," was published a few years back by the New Age Press. "The Story of the Scots Stage" traces the Scottish drama from its inception in 1440 to the end of last century.

Photo by Vandyk **Mr. Robb Lawson.**

One of the most vigorous and picturesque cowboy romances of the Wild West that we have read for a long time is "Naomi of the Mountains," which Messrs. Cassell have just published. The author, Mr. Christopher Culley, is himself a cowboy, and this is his first essay in fiction. He is a United States citizen, of British parentage, and a keen Anglo-American. Most of his life has been passed in the South Western States of America, in Arizona and New Mexico, where the scenes of "Naomi" are laid. For the last twelve years he has been raising cattle and sheep in this country, in the Northumberland district, where, as he expresses it, "he has been farming a little over a thousand acres and cursing the climate." That he has made a success of his venture is sufficiently indicated by the facts that his speciality in Blackface Mountain Sheep is well known in the North of England and South of Scotland, and his own name is familiar thereabouts as that of a prize winner at all the principal shows.

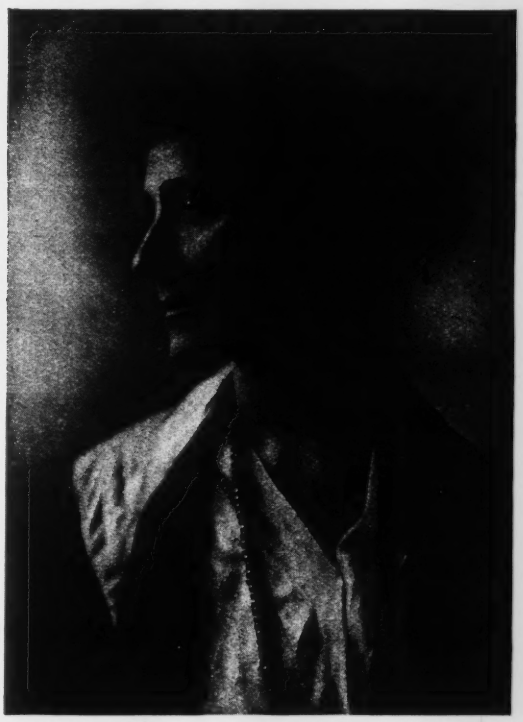


Photo by Borup, Streatham. **Clemence Dane,**
whose new novel, "Regiment of Women" (Heinemann), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

An important volume announced for immediate publication by the University of London Press is

"A National System of Economics," by J. Taylor Peddie, who is both a practical business man and a deeply-read student of Economics. Mr. Peddie was granted special facilities for studying the workshops of America and Germany, during prolonged visits to those countries, and his book should be of great value to all who are concerned with the industrial and economic problems of to-day and to-morrow.

In announcing last month that Messrs. Duckworth were about to publish a volume of poems by Mr. Alfred Tressider Sheppard we added that the same firm was shortly issuing a sequel to Mr. Sheppard's recent successful novel, "The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan," and by an inversion of words spoke of it as "The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan," the latter being the title of the sequel, which is to be ready shortly.

A great many unpublished MSS. were found among Swinburne's papers. These have been carefully arranged and edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. Thomas J. Wise, and fill several volumes, but publication of the whole series is to wait until after the war. In view, however, of the announced publication of Mr. Goss's life of the poet, a considerable volume of posthumous poems will be issued shortly by Mr. Heinemann. There will be an ordinary edition and also a limited edition de luxe.

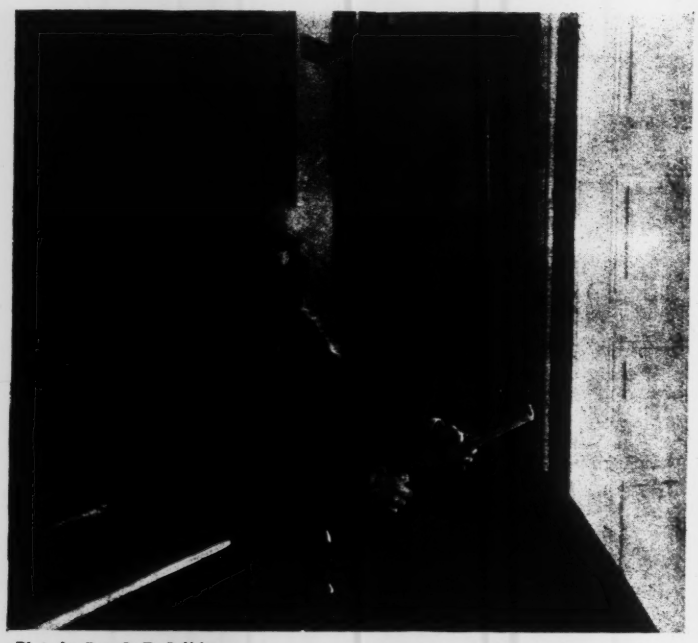


Photo by Rev. J. T. Salisbury, Douglas, I.O.M.

Canon Rawnsley,

whose "Hymns and Poems on the War" was recently published, is the author of many books, but is best known for his writings on the Lake District and its Poets. He has been Vicar of Crossthwaite, Keswick, for 34 years, and is now resigning, mainly because of the recent death of his wife, who had greatly helped him in his work there.

NOTES ON NEW WAR BOOKS.

"War and the Future." By H. G. Wells. 6s. net. (Cassells.) A graphic and exceedingly interesting account of the visits Mr. Wells paid to the French, Italian and British fronts in August and September last, with a suggestive and occasionally rather bitter prologue on "The Passing of the Effigy," and an epilogue in six chapters on "How People Think About the War." Alike in its vivid descriptions of things seen, its comment on current events, its imaginative prevision, its passionate sympathy with ordinary humanity, and the religious earnestness of its faith in the good that shall come to mankind out of this welter of war, it is one of the most impressive and inspiriting utterances that Armageddon has evoked.

"The Land of Deepening Shadow." By D. Thomas Curtin. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.) In a series of twenty-eight chapters Mr. Curtin shows you what life in Germany was like during 1916. He got into the land of the Hun through Holland, mixed with the people, visited representative towns, succeeding with difficulty in penetrating even into Alsace-Lorraine. The shadow of failure had scarcely begun to darken over the land when he entered it, but it was settling down on it grimly and bleakly enough before he came away. There is a delightful chapter on Tommy Atkins as a prisoner in Germany, with hints of a side to the picture that is not delightful; and chapters on "The Crime against the Children" and "Pulpits of Hate" that help one to understand how it is that Germany as a nation has relapsed into barbarism.

"Grapes of Wrath." By Boyd Cable. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.) In his latest book Boyd Cable has set himself the task of showing "what a Big Push is like from the point of view of the ordinary average infantry private, of showing how much he sees and knows and suffers in a great battle, of giving a glimpse perhaps of the spirit that animates the New Armies, the endurance that has made them more than a match for the Germans, the acceptance of appalling and impossible horrors as the workaday business and routine of battle, the discipline and training that has fused such a mixture of material into tempered fighting metal." He has carried out his task with the most brilliant success; it is enough to say that this tale of the men of our new regiments deserves a place alongside the masterly stories he has written of the

"Old Contemptibles." His realism is the more powerful because it is never over-emphasised; and his heroes remain gloriously human for all their heroism. No story of the war has held our interest more entirely, nor impressed us more with its air of simple truthfulness.

"A Garland of Patriotism." By Mary Donald. (Nimmo.) An admirable anthology of patriotic verse and prose selected from authors of the past and present. Well chosen and well arranged, the selection is one of the freshest and best of its kind that has yet been made.

"Chin Music." By Keble Howard. 1s. net. (John Lane.) The full title is "Chin Music, With a Martial Note," and in a score and a half of crisp, witty dialogues Mr. Keble Howard deals with various aspects of the war from the standpoint of the person at home. He hits off the follies and heroisms, the tragedies and little comedies in the life of the day in the lightest, airiest possible manner, but his whimsical humour and genial satire always touch the spot, and his pathos gains poignancy from its swift elusiveness. A delightfully entertaining little book in which the spirit of the day speaks through the lips of the people who are doing the day's work.

"The Ruhleben Prison Camp." By Israel Cohen. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.) This strikes a reader as perhaps the sanest, most temperate and fair-minded account we have had of the life, hard and unhappy at the best, which is endured by prisoners in the notorious Ruhleben Prison Camp. Mr. Cohen was, before the war, Berlin Correspondent of the *Glasgow Herald*. Failing to quit Germany in time, when Britain declared war he was arrested and, after being released on licence for a while, was sent to Ruhleben, and remained interned there for nineteen months. The whole life of the camp, its dark and its mitigating features, is fully and admirably described, and the book is plentifully illustrated with photographs.

"To Ruhleben—and Back." By Geoffrey Pile. 1s. net. (Constable.) The story of a London journalist who got into Germany after the outbreak of war, saw much of what was going on there, was arrested, thrown into three different gaols, one after the other, then was sent to Ruhleben, whence he finally made his escape. Well written, informing, and with no lack of picturesque and exciting incidents.

Photo by Molly Darrell. **Mrs. Alice Perrin,**

whose new novel, "Separation," is published by Messrs. Cassell.

"Over the Top." By W. Douglas Newton. 1s. net. (Pearson.) Ten vigorously written stories of the great retreat from Mons, and of the war of trenches that followed it. Mr. Newton has imagination and a shrewd dramatic instinct; he has the art of finding good tales to tell, and of telling them.

"The Diary of a French Private—1914–1915," by Gaston Riou, 6s. (Allen & Unwin), pictures life in a German military prison, and is written throughout in a beautifully humane and tolerant spirit. M. Riou was taken prisoner in the early days of the war, and has lately been released. At the prison where he was interned the guards at first were harsh and inclined to be brutal; but they were presently replaced by men who had been at the front, and he always found that the men who had been through the hell of the trenches were ready to be more friendly and reasonable with their prisoners. The people of the district, too, were at first disposed to treat the prisoners with contempt and insult, but as the war went on, and their wounded came back, and they learned more of the truth about things, their spirit changed, and they grew courteous and even kindly. At the beginning, the commandant of the prison was a welcome contrast to most German prison governors; but after a time he was replaced by a commandant of the typical Prussian breed, who ruled with the usual severity. The book holds you not only by its detailed narration of the day-to-day life of the prison, but by its author's broad-minded outlook and shrewdly suggestive comment. He brings you to feel that there is no natural antagonism between men of different nations, and that the only way of lasting peace is to put the power in all countries really into the hands of their peoples.

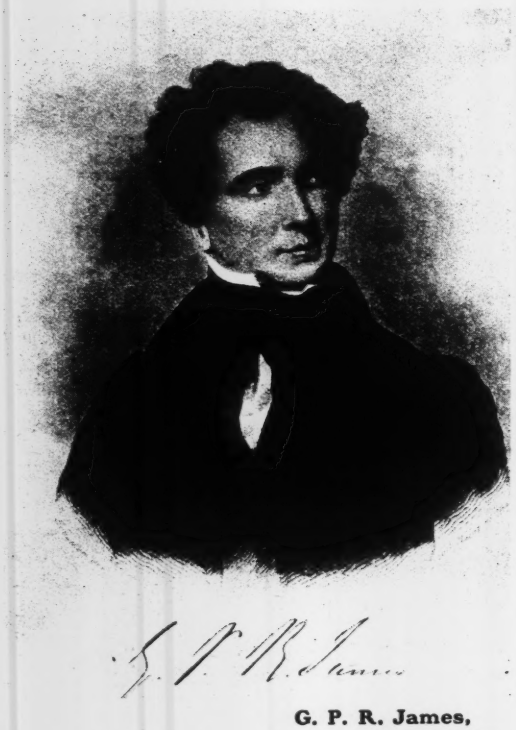
XUM

THE READER.

G. P. R. JAMES.

By S. M. Ellis.

MR. THOMAS SECCOMBE has described G. P. R. James as "one of the mysterious figures in Victorian Literature." To a certain extent that is true: an atmosphere of mystery *has* attached to James—not created by the man himself, who was quite normal and unromantic in character and personal appearance despite his adventurous career and many written romances, but mainly owing to the facts that he was ever a wanderer and that his last years were spent abroad. Further, he has been singularly unfortunate in his biographers, for most of those who have written brief memoirs of James have known little about his actual life and have even erred as to the years of his birth and death.



G. P. R. James,
at the age of thirty-two.

G. P. R. James, like the majority of notable English authors, came from the professional middle class. His immediate ancestors were medical men, and he had a celebrated grandfather, Dr. Robert James, compounder of the famous James's Powders, and the friend of Dr. Johnson. Born in 1705, Robert James commenced his friendship with Johnson in school days at Lichfield, and their intimacy lasted all through their time in London. James produced his "A Medicinal Dictionary" in 1743; but Boswell's statement that Johnson "furnished some of the articles" and the Preface is controverted by the doctor's grandson, G. P. R. James, in his manuscript Autobiography. Of Dr. James's Fever Powders, and how they were regarded as a sovereign specific by Oliver Goldsmith, Horace Walpole, and Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and how the same Powders were accused of hastening Goldsmith's death, it is impossible to relate here. Dr. James, a self-made man, left at his death, in 1776, a fortune of £8,000 a year; by his wife, a daughter of Sir James Clarke, he had a family of three sons and two daughters (one of whom witnessed all the horrors of the French Revolution and, incidentally, refused an offer of marriage from Robespierre).

The youngest son, Dr. Pinkston James (1766–1830), father of the novelist, in early life served in the English Navy as a midshipman. As a boy of fourteen he fought at the first battle of Cape St. Vincent, and later took part in the American War. On retiring from the Service he studied medicine in Scotland; and it was at Edinburgh, in 1791, that he married Jean Churnside. Returning to London, Pinkston James practised for many years as a physician at No. 12 George Street, Hanover Square, and it was here that his son, George Payne Rainsford James, was born on August 9th, 1799. The child was baptised at St. George's Church, opposite the house, in 1802, three years after his birth, and by a clerical error the date 1801 was entered as the year of birth in the register. Pinkston James was Physician to the Prince Regent, and hence arose the absurd canard that the initials of his famous son stood for George Prince Regent James.

G. P. R. James was not very happy in his childhood. His mother died early, and he and his education were neglected. He was thrown back upon his own resources, and became a very observant, sharp, but idle boy. Very early he showed his adventurous, roving disposition, for when only about five years of age he ran away from home to see a review of troops, and after much hue and cry was eventually discovered, black with powder, sitting on a drum, drinking strong liquor with a private, who had picked him up and formed a rapid friendship. After this escapade, the boy was sent to a small school conducted by a French émigré at Greenwich, and later to the larger establishment of the Rev. William Carmalt at Putney. Like George Meredith subsequently, James found his chief reading delight, as a youth, in "The Arabian Nights"; and just as that work inspired "The Shaving of Shagpat," so it induced James to write some half-dozen tales in the same Eastern vein, which were published about fifteen years later, 1832, under the title of "The String of Pearls." He was, however, an omnivorous reader; and when still a boy acquired, in addition to the usual foreign languages, German and Persian. His reading ranged from Dante to the loose English novelists of the eighteenth century, and from Voltaire to Hobbes's "Leviathan." Undoubtedly the verbosity and diffuse detail characteristic of the novels of G. P. R. James may be attributed to his early familiarity with the

Dr. Robert James (1705-76), grandfather of G. P. R. James.
From Boswell's Life of Johnson. Edited by Roger Ingpen. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

vast number of words he achieved in the course of his rather undigested acquisition of many and various languages.

As a boy, James was acquainted with Byron, to whom he was devoted. The poet used to call him "Little Devil," and was so attracted by this curious lad, whose imaginative, adventurous, lax temperament was somewhat akin to his own, that he wanted to take young James abroad as a companion. But hereupon belated parental conscience was roused to action, for the boy did not go to the Continent with Byron when the poet left England in 1809, or in 1816, though in the latter year James was abroad. He had entered the Army at the age of sixteen, about the time of Napoleon's escape from Elba. Consequently he was soon sent on active service, and very nearly participated in Waterloo. His company was one of those which arrived too late to take part in the battle, but he witnessed the horrors of its aftermath. He stated that the dead bodies of men and horses were piled up high above the lofty hedges, and that the French prisoners, as they were brought in, had to be protected by the English from massacre by the Prussians. James was wounded in one of the skirmishes after Waterloo and—according to his son's account—taken prisoner. He left the Army after peace was proclaimed, but remained on the Continent, where, to use his own words, "alone, unguided, and undirected I wandered over a considerable portion of Europe, and mingling with many classes and varieties of my fellow-creatures. I learned the necessity, and endeavoured to practise the art, of investigating keenly, and judging rapidly, the characters of those with whom I was brought in contact." These "investigations," among many other adventures, involved him in a duel with a French officer, when the youthful James had the satisfaction of disabling his adversary in the sword arm. His travels made him familiar with practically all France, Spain, and Germany, and many of his experiences were introduced later in "Morley Ernstein" and other books.

On his return to England nothing very definite was proposed for him in the way of a profession beyond the suggestion that he should enter political life. This plan, owing to the death of Lord Liverpool, his intended sponsor in politics, was abandoned; and from a period of social pleasure as a young man about town, combined with literary dalliance, James gradually merged into a professional and laborious man of letters. In 1825, when he was twenty-six years old, he wrote his first—and considered by many critics his best—novel, "Richelieu," but the work was not destined to see publication until some years later. As so often has been the case with subsequently successful authors, James received no encouragement from his relatives to enter seriously upon a literary career. His father, indeed, descanting upon the horrors of mediocrity, declared that his son was unfitted for long and intricate narrative. But Washington Irving, whom James had met abroad, gave encouraging advice to continue, and so the budding author went on quietly with his romance and other work. In 1826 he was again on the Continent, holding some minor appointment in the Diplomatic Service, and for the next two years was occupied with more than one literary project, though as yet nothing was published in book form. By a happy chance, the first part of "Richelieu," which the author had thrown aside uncompleted, was sent through the introduction of a mutual friend to Sir Walter Scott for his opinion and advice. Months passed, and James had given up all hope of hearing from the great novelist, when one day he received a letter from Scott, of which he relates: "The opinion

Château du Buisson-Garembourg, Evereux.
G. P. R. James lived here 1829-31.
From a view sent by the Comte de Rostolais.

Maxpoffle House, near Melrose.

G. P. R. James lived here 1831-3.
From a view sent by Mr. John Boyd.

expressed in that note was more favourable than I had ever expected, and certainly more favourable than I deserved; for Sir Walter Scott was one of the most

From an old engraving.

Fair Oak Lodge, Near Petersfield.

G. P. R. James lived here 1837-9.
From a view given to the author by the late Lord Llangattock.

lenient of critics, especially to the young. However, it told me to persevere, and I did so."

With this distinguished cachet of approval, "Richelieu" found acceptance by Henry Colburn, who just previously, in 1828, had privately printed for James a poem in the Southey style entitled "The Ruined City," which was consequently his first book. Though entirely unknown to the public as an author, James had an intuition that he was about to make a name and take a prominent place in the literary world, for in a letter written some months prior to the appearance of "Richelieu" he spoke of his coming "fame" and position as an author; and, further, he demanded, and received, £500 and £600 for his first novels, no despicable remuneration for a new writer. In anticipation of his approaching literary success he felt in a position to marry, and accordingly on December 3rd, 1828, he was united, in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to Frances, daughter of Honoratius Leigh Thomas, a well-known London doctor of that time.

Directly after the marriage, the Jameses went to live abroad, renting the Château du Buisson-Garembourg, Evereux. Here the novelist's father died, during a visit, in 1830. It now became necessary to return to England to settle business affairs, and passing through Paris in July, James and his wife came in for the Revolution of 1830. They witnessed the street fighting, and some of their baggage was seized and utilised in a barricade.

James had now commenced in earnest his astonishingly prolific career as a writer, producing often three or more books each year. "Richelieu," published in 1829, was followed in 1830 by "Darnley, or the Field of the Cloth of Gold"; "De L'Orme"; and "The History of Chivalry." "Philip Augustus," written in less than seven weeks, succeeded rapidly in 1831. It will be impossible within the restricted space of this article to mention the whole of James's work. It must suffice to state that in the period of thirty odd years that comprised his writing life he produced fifty-six novels; eight additional volumes which may be loosely classified as short stories; five more in the form of poems and plays; several political pamphlets; and twelve works dealing with history, some of these—such as "The History of Chivalry"; "The Life of Edward the Black Prince"; "The Life and Times of Louis the Fourteenth"—being studies of considerable research and value. They brought to James the honorary, if resonant, appointment of Historiographer Royal to William IV. and Victoria. Roughly speaking, there are eighty-seven works by James, to say nothing of short stories and contributions to magazines not reprinted. An amazing output truly.*

The Shrubbery, Walmer.

G. P. R. James lived here 1841-3 and 1847.
From an old view in the possession of Mr. Arthur Matthews.

In all the annals of literature probably no tag has attached more persistently to an author

* An accurate list of the novels and short stories of G. P. R. James, compiled by Mr. W. A. Frost, who possesses them all, will be found in *Notes and Queries* for August 26th, 1916.

than "the solitary horseman" or "two cavaliers" of G. P. R. James—for the number of equestrians riding along a romantic pass varies in both the novels and the public mind. The man who originally branded this literary trade-mark upon James was Thackeray in his clever burlesque, "Barbazure, By G. P. R. Jeames, Esq., etc.," which is something more than a parody: it is the actual presentment of James's style, where every trick and mannerism and detail is caught and reproduced.

In the popular conception James's "two cavaliers" always appear in the first chapter of his books. How far is this delusion justified? As already stated, James wrote fifty-six works which may be classified as romances, and in seventeen of these horsemen—single, or in pairs, or parties—make an early appearance. In five books a "solitary horseman" appears in the first chapter, and in two others he delays his arrival until the second chapter; "two cavaliers" caracole in the first chapters of only three books and in the second chapter of another; and "parties of horsemen" prance in, at least, six books during the first chapter. It will thus be seen that "the two cavaliers" are in a minority, and that "the solitary horseman" is the most predominant among James's romantic equestrians. But it is interesting to note that the seventeen works in which the horsemen appear were *all written prior to* 1847, the year when Thackeray's "Barbazure" was first published (in *Punch*). That James took this satire to heart is attested by the fact that in all the eighteen stories he wrote subsequent to 1847, there is never a sign of horsemen at the outset; and in one of these later books, "The Fate" (1851), the author alludes to his formerly ubiquitous cavaliers on white horses, and pleads their cause well in pathetic-humorous style.

In addition to what he suffered from *Punch*, James

Mrs. Frances James,
wife of G. P. R. James.
This photograph was taken shortly after Mrs. James became a widow.

G. P. R. James,
at the age of forty-seven.

was the target of some very sharply-pointed barbs, aimed by Albert Smith and Angus B. Reach, in "The Man in the Moon." He, however, did not mind comic criticism, for he had a good sense of humour, and drew a caricature of himself surrounded by his horses and dogs—all with their tails enlarged—bearing the title, "The Author of 'Richelieu'—and Many Other Tails." But the adverse and superficial reviewer of his books had the power to incite James to frenzy, and his letters are full of amusing, vitriolic expressions of his hatred for the tribe. However, James—or his shade—need never be troubled by the condemnatory critics of his books, for the appreciations in his favour expressed by celebrated men are numerous. It is quite remarkable how many great minds have found pleasure—and not only in their boyhood—in the romances of a writer who, if not in the front rank of merit, was certainly meritorious. In addition to Walter Scott (who wrote of James as "a literary man of great merit") and Washington Irving, James was highly praised by John Wilson in "Noctes Ambrosianæ"; by Leigh Hunt; by even R. H. Horne in "A New Spirit of the Age." Allan Cunningham, S. C. Hall, and Harrison Ainsworth (who thought James might be the debated author of "Jane Eyre"!) paid him many encomiums. He received a complimentary letter from Gladstone in 1843. Thackeray wrote of him in "Roundabout Papers" as "the veteran from whose flowing pen we had the books which delighted our young days—'Darnley' and 'Richelieu' and 'De L'Orme.'" Frank Smedley offered a similar tribute in "Frank Fairlegh." Walter Savage Landor put Scott and James in conjunction as his favourite romance writers. Robert Louis Stevenson in exile had a longing to re-read "my dear old G. P. R. James"—especially "The Gipsey," "The Convict," "The Stepmother," and "The Robber." J. H. Shorthouse,

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another mature reader of James, liked "The Woodman" and "Forest Days." Watts-Dunton regarded "Philip Augustus" as a fine historical novel. Sir Francis Burnand delighted in James's books when a boy, as did Mr. Thomas Hardy, who still recalls them with pleasure, particularly "The Ancient Régime."

Enough has been said to prove that James has had a brilliant array of cultured admirers, and even if he had done no more than fire the youthful imaginations of Thackeray, Stevenson, and Hardy, he would not have written in vain.

It is, of course, true that James's work has not the same appeal to the rising generation as it possessed for his contemporaries and their sons. The youth of to-day likes to imbibe its romance by the rapid methods of the kinema—crude, direct, and without any dilution or interruption. Except for the few, James's long-winded descriptions of scenery and costume are boring, his immaculate love scenes vapid, and even his deaths and murders feeble in comparison with the delicious brutality and marvellous mortality of the filmed cow-boy and Parisian villain. James's style had many faults—diffuseness and a generally mechanical plot, whose luculent workings could be seen from the outset, and a sort of moralising, sentimental "atmosphere" which stultified any true presentment and analysis of character. But this was the paralysing literary convention of his period, and even Dickens and Thackeray were not free from the artifice of ending a story with marriage bells and virtue triumphant, and the concurrent downfall and extinction of the wicked ones (who in real life, of course, flourish like the green bay tree and die in Park Lane). On the other hand, James told a good, blameless, yet stirring tale with the real aroma of romance and derring-do and chivalry. And, after all, what more is required of an historical novelist? The scalpel of analysis and the probe for erotomania are not necessities in his outfit.

To complete the brief biographical outline of James's career. In the spring of 1831 he returned from France and went to live at Maxpoffle, near Melrose. There he was near Walter Scott, who took much pleasure in his society, as recorded by Lockhart. In 1833 the Jameses were at Heidelberg, and in 1834 they travelled in Italy. 1835 witnessed the publication of three books, including "The Gipsey," completed at 1, Lloyd's Place, Blackheath. In 1836, James removed to The Cottage, Great Marlow, where "Attila" was written; but the author was a congenital wanderer, and hardly ever lived longer than two years in any particular house. So by the autumn of 1837 he was at Fair Oak Lodge, Petersfield, where he wrote "The Robber." In 1839 he had published no less than seven works within a year, and was living at The Hermitage, near Trevor Square, Brompton, and at Lyme Regis. In 1840 he was at Brussels, where he saw a good deal of Charles Lever, and was associated with the publication of "Charles O'Malley"—but that is another and long story. Back in England in 1841, he lived at The Shrubbery, in the picturesque village of Upper Walmer, where during the next three years he wrote many novels, including "Forest Days," and "Morley Ernstein," which has some scenes laid in the adjoining town of Deal. James was on very friendly terms with his neighbour at Walmer Castle, the great Duke of Wellington, whose son, Lord Douro, became the author's most intimate friend. In 1843, James moved to The Oaks, Upper Deal, where five novels were written, and in 1845 he returned to the Continent. The Jameses and Levers were both at Carlsruhe, where they created rather a sensation. James was later at Baden, and the influence of his sojourn in Germany was reflected in his next two romances, "Heidelberg" and "The Castle of Ehrenstein." The latter is perhaps his best work, despite the inartistic conclusion, where all the supernatural mysteries of the story are accounted for by human agency.

In 1847 James was back at Walmer, and seven books were published. In 1848 the restless author removed to Willey House, near Farnham. He was getting poorer and poorer owing to the expenses of his migratory life. And during these, his last, months in England, he took an active part in politics, and wasted the remnant of his fortune in a crusade against Free Trade. A dispute with his publishers and resultant financial troubles gave the final blow to James's monetary stability, and emigration seemed the best expedient, for the novelist had three sons to start in life.

Accordingly in July, 1850, at the age of fifty, James arrived with his family in America on the most precarious adventure of his eventful life. After a stay in New York and elsewhere, he eventually rented a house at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he spent some eighteen happy months engaged in literary work and farming, amid lovely scenery and cultured society, for Stockbridge was the centre of a pleasant literary coterie including the Sedgwicks, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. With the last named James became very friendly, and he also met, and was appreciated by, Longfellow. In November, 1852, James accepted the appointment of British Consul at Norfolk, Virginia, the most depressing station in the States. His health was ruined by the deleterious climate; fever and ague were engendered by the proximity of the Great Dismal Swamp, and yellow fever was introduced every summer by ships from the West Indies, culminating in the terrible epidemic of 1855, when the Consul's experiences were horrible. Further, James, as a climax to his misfortunes, had to endure unpopularity and calumny in Norfolk owing to the Slave Agitation, for he was reported to be in favour of Abolition. Consequently he was hated and attacked by the slave owners; eight incendiary outrages occurred at or near his house, and the usual anonymous letters threatening death were received.* However, as time went on and the Consul's merits, both in official and private life, were apparent, persecution died down, and even the slave owners of Norfolk came to like and respect him. When he finally left America he parted on the friendliest terms with his neighbours. They presented him with a punch bowl at a farewell banquet in Richmond (to where the consulate had been removed), ere he set forth to take up his duties as British Consul at Venice.

So after eight adventurous years in America, James and his family left the New World for its extreme

* I have dealt at length with G. P. R. James's life in America in two articles contributed to the American *Bookman*; the first was in the issue for December, 1916, and the second appears this spring.

antithesis, Venice—"the only city in Europe," as Thackeray observed, "where the famous 'two cavaliers' cannot by any possibility be seen riding together." The novelist arrived in the autumn of 1858, and his period in Italy coincided with the very disturbed political situation existing between the Italians and Austrians. When the war broke out and Venice was threatened with siege, James remained to attend to his consular work, though he sent his family to the Tyrol during the summer of 1859. He lived at first in the Palazza Foscolo, opposite the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. His health was broken; he was a martyr to asthma and suppressed gout; and an attack of paralysis caused his mind to be obscured at times. Consequently he did not appreciate society as much as of old, though his polyglot neighbours were an amusing set. He liked Captain Chamier, author of "Ben Brace," and was glad to find his old friend, Charles Lever, at Spezzia. There were also many eccentric Irish and English people living in Venice, Jacobites and "exiles" who practised the manners of the eighteenth century. James also visited the ill-fated Maximilian, then Governor of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and subsequently Emperor of Mexico; and the Comte de Chambord, heir of the Bourbons, who lived in Venice with his mother, the Duchesse de Berri, and her second husband, Lucchesi Palli.

St. Michele, The Island of the Dead, Venice,
where G. P. R. James is buried.

The story of the last year of James's life is a very sad one. He was a complete wreck, mentally and bodily; his financial difficulties were great; and a second stroke of paralysis brought him to the verge of the final bourne. He had removed to the Palazzo Ferro, on the Grand Canal, and he found pleasure in being rowed in his gondola to the Lido, whence returning he could see the magic spectacle of Venice silhouetted against the glowing sunset skies. To the last, he—who had depictured in words many a fiery sunset illuminating some wild or romantic scene—preserved the historic sense and the appreciation of beauty. "The legendary splendour of old days, the spirit of Romance, dies not to those who hold a kindred spirit in their souls," and it was well that the romancer's eyes gazed their last and grew dim for ever upon the history-haunted Venetian scene, for he was essentially of the old régime. On the morning of June 8th, 1860, James suddenly fell back into the arms of his man-servant; two hours later he was speechless; insensibility followed, and, without recovering from this state, he died at 4.30 a.m. the following day.

G. P. R. James was buried, in the presence of all the chief officials of Venice, in the Protestant Cemetery on St. Michele—The Island of the Dead. It is a singularly picturesque spot—a garden guarded from the sea by fortress-like walls. Though he died very far away from the English scenes of happier days and old friends, his last resting place—a veritable "tomb by the sounding sea," yet amid a profusion of roses, flowering shrubs, ivy, cypress, and vine—is a fitting one for a chronicler of old romance.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1917.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

Special Notice.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A Prize of Three New Books is offered for the most appropriate quotation from Shakespeare dealing with the Food Control problems.

IV.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

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V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—The Prize for the best lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Lieutenant P. J. Cunningham, B Company, 1/9th London Regiment (Q.V.R.), B.E.F., France, and Eric Antony, of 56, West Hill, Wandsworth, S.W., for the following:

SONG.

I dare not ask a kiss,
I must not crave a smile,
Lest tasting heaven's bliss
Like Lucifer, I might grow proud the while.

Ah no! the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to breathe the air
That touched your lips and knew eternity.

LIEUTENANT P. J. CUNNINGHAM.

LOOKING BACK.

Boy lover of the unforgotten past,
The spirit yesterday with gentle hands
Recalls me oft, where gay youth fragrant-fingered
Held back the sands of time for just one perfect hour.
Boy lover, when dusk shadows tall were cast
And night's dark forehead gleamed with silver bands,
Your lips met mine, and how their sweetness lingered
Like sleep's caress upon a dreaming, folded flower!

Boy lover, I have glowing jewels rare
Heaped at my feet to buy men's souls or sell.
There are no sapphires with as pure a light
As those which wondering shone within your sparkling eyes.
Boy lover, now my small hands white and bare
Beckon men to Heaven, or banish them to Hell,
Yet in these world-filled years I know no dear delight
Since heart to waking heart we said our fond good-byes.

Boy lover, beauty softly sings my name
And admiration's homage, too, is mine.
And yet I only hear your boy voice shyly say
The strange sweet words that were so welcome then.
Boy lover! Manhood brought you pomp and fame,
And you are high enthroned in glory's shrine,
But do you wistful sighing turn to yesterday?
Ah! do you ever wish you were a boy again?

ERIC ANTONY.

We also select for printing:

APRIL IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

An Easter Song for 1917.

Born with the rainbow's birth,
Where glooms that glisten
Bring the young tears of earth
Young flowers to christen,
Careless of death and strife,
April brings love, brings life.
Songs in the woods are rife,
Lily-bells listen.

Green, green the Channel smiles;
Soft, soft and still is
The air, through all the Isles,
Isles lit with lilies.
Sighs, to the wreck, the wave,
Earth to the buried brave;
Yet see, along the grave,
Daffadowndillies!

Life bears her blossom still
'Neath Love's protection;
Laughs, in each runnel and rill,
The sun's reflection.
Hope stirs the dust, the bier,
Hope with no room for fear;
Steps of the dead draw near
The Resurrection!

Birds, flood the earth with song!
Bees, come and feast her!
Dead? Nay, but sleeping long;
Love has released her.
See, where the red and rife
Storms shook the world with strife,
Death laughed to scorn by Life,
Winter by Easter!

(Diana Royds, Heather Cottage, Bengal Road, Winton, Bournemouth.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Eileen Newton (Whitby), Brinsley Macnamara (Delvin), M. E. Painter (Crawley), M. H. Drury (Streatham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Marcus Gilbart (West Acton), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), T. P. Geraghty (Dublin), Ethel E. Mannin (Wimbledon), V. W. W. (Sandown), Kathleen Foley (Salisbury), E. Phyllis Williams (Ambleside), Mabel Leigh (Kensington), J. P. du Parcq (Marylebone), D. H. B. Snow (West Malling), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), C. Vere Annesley (Tenterden), J. Livingstone Duncan (Rothesay), Irene Wintle (Portland), A. E. Ewers (Stourbridge), Annie M. White (Lympstone), Dorothy E. James (Sydenham), Margaret L. Desmond (Putney), Lieutenant S. R. Nicol (Merthyr Tydfil), Roland Goodchild (Beckenham), Marguerite E. M. Steen (Hemel Hempstead), A. E. Peel (France), Arthur Thrush (Hampstead), Mary Gentry (Ipswich), Richard Church (Limpsfield), E. A. Mullins (Worthing), Private J. F. F. Collins (Waterloo), J. Bruce Law (Ambleside), Frank H. Humby (Sidcup), Roland Paget (Sidcup), K. (Catford), Mabel E. Godley (Birmingham), Raoul de Jersey (St. Helier), F. A. Reid (Rio de Janeiro), H. H. Mytton (Wolverhampton), Alfred W. Bailey (Birmingham), Edith Wheeler (Newton Abbot), Minna Browning (Cheltenham), Edith Allen (Bristol), C. B. B. (Evesham), Helen C. Stone (Thornton Heath), A. J. Perman (Merthyr Tydfil), Harold Fryer (Ilford), D. A. R. S. (Bridgwater), Helen Lawrence (Bath), K. M. Murphy (Tulla), Ivy L. Carr (Leamington), Mona Douglas (Laxey), Irene L. Fowler (Tottenham), Margery Symons (East Sheen), G. B. L. Wright (Eaglefield Green), A. M. Ironside (Aberdeen), Norman J. Bickle (Plympton St. Mary), Beatrice C. Deeks (Purley), T. G. Wilkinson (Market Harboro'), E. R. P. (Ballymena), Louie Howle (London, W.), M. Robertson (Bedford), A. Muriel Hill (Glasgow), V. V. Matthews (London, W.), Florence Terry (Milwaukee, U.S.A.), Brendon Glynn (Dublin), Elsie M. Freeman (Upper Norwood), N. R. (Sevenoaks), T. H. Roberts (Ealing), A. G. Prys-Jones (Dulwich), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), C. Tanner-Rutherford (New Bushey), Winifred Barrow (Great Malvern), Iris Douglas (Shipley), F. J. Mathias (Cardiff), A. Sedgwick Barnard (Prestwich), Anna Walker (Sleights), H. M. Barrow (London, W.), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hayes), Sergeant C. E. Stewart (Openshaw), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Agnes Day (New Southgate), O. E. (Bath), E. K. Nugent (London, S.W.), William Clasper (Gateshead), Frank Merrin (Dublin), C. E. Smith (Ilford), J. St. Clair Scott (Belfast), Enid D. Woollright (Chelsea), Rex W. Cooke (Bermondsey).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Charles Powell, of 59, Lansdowne Road, West Didsbury, Manchester, for the following:

CHIN MUSIC. By KEBLE HOWARD. (Lane.)

"The barber kept on shaving."

JAMES T. FIELDS, *The Owl Critic.*

The last portrait. Taken shortly before his death.

G. P. R. James.

The grave of G. P. R. James. St. Michele, Venice.

We also select for printing:

FURTHER FOOLISHNESS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane.)

"He up an' kist her."
J. R. LOWELL, *The Courtin'*.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

REGIMENT OF WOMEN. By CLEMENCE DANE. (Heinemann.)

"A thousand several tongues."
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III.*, *v.* 3.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.)

THE LIGHT IN THE UPPER STOREY. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Ward, Lock.)

"A light broke in upon my brain."
BYRON, *Prisoner of Chillon*.

(F. J. Robinson, 155, Blagdon Road, New Malden.)

THE GARMENT OF IMMORTALITY. By A. & C. ASKEW. (John Long.)

"It is ages ahead of the fashion."
LEWIS CARROLL, *The Hunting of the Snark*.

(Irene F. Armstrong, The Manse, Brampton, Cumberland.)

III.—The PRIZE for a list of the best six books for a man to take with him on military or on sea service is divided, and we have awarded TWO BOOKS to 10913 Corporal A. G. James, 12th Platoon, C Company, 11th (S.) Battalion The Queens, B.E.F., France, and TWO NEW BOOKS to Charles R. D. Williams, 4, Lauriston Road, Wimbledon, S.W., for the following:

1. The Bible.
2. "Imitation of Christ." (Thomas à Kempis.)
3. Field Service Manual and Pocket Book.
4. A Pocket Dictionary.
5. "Les Misérables." (Victor Hugo.)
6. Poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

CPL. A. G. JAMES.

1. The Bible.
2. The Works of Shakespeare.
3. "Selected English Essays: Bacon to Stevenson." (Selected by W. Peacock.)
4. "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics (with additional Poems)." (F. T. Palgrave.)
5. "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius."
6. "David Copperfield." (Charles Dickens.)

We specially commend the four lists received from Private F. Webster (Walworth), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), E. Beechey (Pentre).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to T. P. Geraghty, of 10, Madison Road, South Circular Road, Dublin, for the following:

THE FOUR MILLION. By O. HENRY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Somebody once said that New York possesses but four hundred people worthy of interest. Henry, with more penetrating glance, sees Romance in the lives of the Four Million inhabitants of his beloved Manhattan. In these witty stories, he portrays with masterly touch the lives and souls of various types from the Big City, moving us to hearty laughter, without once descending to the worn tricks of the professional humorist. Moreover, he is rich in that gift of originality, both in plot and treatment, which distinguishes the writer of genius from the merely clever pot-boiler. Altogether a delightful and refreshing book.

We also select for printing:

BENIGHTED MEXICO. By RANDOLPH WELLFORD SMITH. (John Lane.)

This account of the state of anarchy and violence prevailing in Mexico at the present time, loses much of its value through its partisan tone. It is not that one doubts any particular statement. Recent events have proved the truth of the allegation of German intrigue; and the terrible story of the violation of nuns rests upon sworn testimony But the picture presented is so dark that one feels there must be brighter features. In the same way, the condemnation of President Wilson is so sweeping as to suggest that there is something to be said on the other side.

(Henry F. Vaughan, 18, Summerhill Road, South Tottenham, N., 15.)

LETTERS FROM THE LITTLE BLUE ROOM. (Daniels.)

A charming series of letters from a sister to her brother. All are written from the "Blue Room," the Boy's favourite den. We follow the hopes and feelings of the Boy through the long months of training, in the trenches to the last final tragedy, when he gives "his dearer than life" to the Great Cause. Some letters are sad, others gay, but through them all there radiates the strong pure personality of a noble woman, who through much sorrow and disillusionment still clings to her motto: "Be but faithful, that is all."

(O. Lazarus, 140, Broadhurst Gardens, Hampstead.)

ORCHESTRATION. By CECIL FORSYTH. (Macmillan and Stainer & Bell.)

When a writer takes an entirely technical theme, digs to its remotest depths—scientific and artistic—masters every intricate detail, and then produces an exhaustive work which not only says everything there is to say on the subject but possesses a lucidity, a charm, and a lightness of touch that make it entrancing to read and study, this is an achievement of which he may well be proud. It has been accomplished by Mr. Forsyth in his "Orchestration," which should for its excellence be acceptable, not only to the skilled musician, but to every concert-goer and cultured reader.

(Florence G. Fidler, 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W. 6.)

We specially commend the reviews by R. W. King (Catford), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), Eric N. Simons (Sheffield), Ruth Underwood (Ealing), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), M. A. Newman (Brighton), H. W. Mottram (Preston), S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), Ida Birkin (Mapperley), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Violet R. Sulivan (Woodbridge), Frederick Willmer (Ramsay).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.

SHELLEY IN ENGLAND.*

By S. Butterworth.

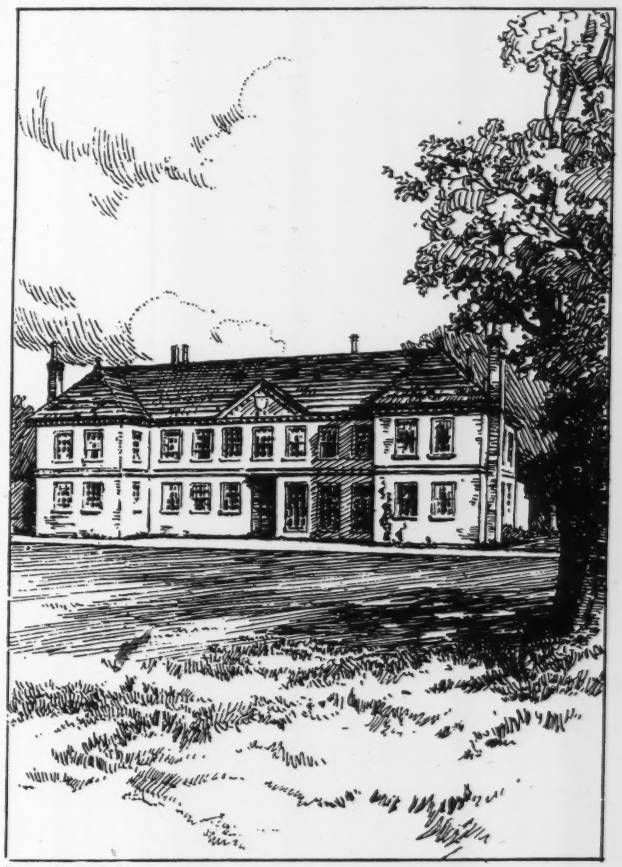
In the autumn of 1909 was published "The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited by Mr. Roger Ingpen, which contained the largest number of Shelley letters that had then been printed. Of these, thirty-eight were new, and upwards of fifty contained hitherto unpublished matter. Within the last few years another edition has appeared with additional letters. And now, in the present work, long eagerly looked-for, there are as many as twenty-nine unpublished letters of Shelley, and two of Lord Byron. There are numerous documents and letters written by Sir Bysshe Shelley, Sir Timothy Shelley, William Whitton (Sir Timothy Shelley's legal adviser), Mary Shelley, Thomas Love Peacock, and many others. The fact that Shelley was actually married to Harriet Westbrook in Edinburgh is now revealed for the first time with the name of the officiating minister. Mr. Ingpen tells us (in the Preface) that the date of the ceremony is now fixed by documentary evidence, but in the text he remarks that "the date of the ceremony is unfortunately not stated." Other interesting facts have been brought to light—such as that Shelley appeared on the boards of the Windsor Theatre as an actor in Shakespearean drama, and that he was twice arrested for debt. We may now read for the first time the documents of the coroner's inquest on Shelley's first wife. Something also has been given as to the fate of Shelley's children by his first wife, and some interesting details of the life of Sir Percy Florence Shelley, the surviving son of Mary and Shelley, and some particulars of Mary Shelley after her husband's death. From the foregoing it will be judged that Mr. Ingpen's most interesting book is a work of no inconsiderable importance, and one which ought to be in the possession of every student and lover of the "pardlike spirit, beautiful and swift" of Shelley.

The mass of new material was discovered some years ago by Mr. Charles Withall, of Messrs. Withall and Withall, the successors of Mr. William Whitton.

The greater number of the new letters of Shelley are those written to his father, and deal chiefly with the subject of Shelley's expulsion from Oxford on account of his publication of the "Necessity of Atheism," and with matters arising out of Shelley's attitude to his grandfather's will with reference to the Shelley estates. In this correspondence Shelley shows himself singularly wanting in tact, but his youth should be borne in mind in extenuation of his criticism of his father's opinions and actions.

Sir Timothy is also not blameless. His refusal to continue correspondence with his son was stupid and heartless in the extreme. At an early stage, instead of reading his son's letters he passed them on to his solicitor, who was instructed to deal with the wayward youth. "A dreary sea now flowed between" father and son, and they never became reconciled.

Sir Timothy declined to be on friendly terms with Mary Shelley and her son, though ultimately he showed a more conciliatory attitude towards Shelley's son by his first wife. On the publication of Shelley's "Posthumous Poems" in 1824 by Mary, Sir Timothy's anger broke out afresh, and he threatened to stop her allowance unless she at once withdrew the poems from circulation. She had to part with Shelley's original manuscripts, which passed into the custody of her and her husband's friend, Peacock.



Drawn by D. Collins.

Field Place, as it was in Shelley's time.

From "Shelley in England," by Roger Ingpen (Kegan Paul & Co.).

Subsequently, however, (in 1839) she was allowed to edit her husband's poems on the understanding that no life of Shelley was to be written.

In 1829 the Galignanis of Paris issued in their editions of "The English Poets" the poems of Shelley in one volume which contained also those of Coleridge and Keats. Among the portraits was that of Shelley taken from Miss Curran's picture, then in Mrs. Shelley's possession. Mr. Ingpen thinks it probable that the poet's widow assisted the Paris publishers in the arrangement of the poems. It seems more than probable that she did render some assistance in the undertaking although, perhaps, not directly, as may be seen from the following evidence.

In Cyrus Redding's very interesting but rambling and badly-arranged "Fifty Years' Recollections," published in 1858, the author states that he was

* "Shelley in England." By Roger Ingpen. 15s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

requested by Galignani to write, for the above-mentioned series, sketches of the lives of most of the poets and, among the rest, that of Shelley. An engraving also was desired. He wrote to his friend, Horace Smith, for a specimen of Shelley's letters for the purpose of having it "copper-plated." So, at least, one judges from Horace Smith's reply, for Redding does not print his own letter. The former, for various reasons, declined to send one and suggested that Redding should apply either to Godwin, Mrs. Shelley or Peacock for "a mere facsimile"—of Shelley's signature, presumably, as a reproduction of each poet's autograph is appended to the portraits. Redding wrote to Mrs. Shelley accordingly, and apparently obtained what he asked for, and, at the same time, must also have asked for permission to reproduce the portrait, which after some hesitation on the part of Mrs. Shelley was granted, and Redding "got Mr. R. P. Davis to paint a portrait of Shelley from a picture in his widow's possession and under her instructions, in order to prevent Galignani from commencing to engrave a miserable reproduction very unlike the poet. Mrs. Shelley had the best and only resemblance of her husband, but it was unfinished." Redding prints two letters received from Mary Shelley on the subject, the second of which runs as follows. It is undated:

"DEAR SIR,

"I send you the errata in the 'Prometheus,' some changes Mr. Shelley wished made in the 'Adonais,' and a suppressed stanza of 'Hellas.' I am tempted to offer to write a brief outline of Mr. Shelley's life, if Galignani chooses; but then my secret must be kept religiously, and no alterations made. It would be very short; and its chief merit, the absence of incorrectness.

"I have now some hopes of the portrait. The lady who painted it is in town, and will meet Mr. Davis, and offer her suggestions to-morrow; but I would give the world to have it engraved here, where any defect in the drawing might be corrected, and we could supervise the whole. At any rate it will be better than a likeness after the imagination of a Frenchman—that is the drollest, stupidest idea ever man intent on selling an edition hit upon.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"MARY SHELLEY.

"*P.S.*—The drawing is getting better and better. Pray keep them to their promise of letting me have it. I shall feel highly gratified. As it is now finished, and at my house, perhaps you can call as soon after twelve as you can."

Redding adds that he "called and was gratified at the result of his efforts to obtain the only worthy resemblance of Shelley that is extant. Singular enough, too, Galignani's edition contains the errata of the author as given me by Mrs. Shelley." We are left somewhat in doubt whether Mary or Redding wrote the memoir, for he does not state whether her offer was accepted. But in the absence of any statement to the contrary it may be assumed that Redding was the author.

So far as we have discovered, Mr. Ingpen's book is free from blunders of any consequence. On p. 68 Polidori's name is printed Polidon, clearly a printer's error. The date of Sir Bysshe Shelley's death is given on the tablet in the Parish Church of Horsham as January 6th, 1815, not January 5th, and according to the register of burials he was interred not on January 18th but on the 17th.

The tablet placed by Sir Percy Shelley in the room at Field Place in which the poet was born is not, as Mr. Ingpen states, over the fire-place. It is below the south window.

A word of protest must be voiced against the unhandy format of the book. It should undoubtedly have been produced in two volumes out of consideration for the reader's ease and comfort. A more cumbersome tome could hardly be turned out.

New Books.

RECENT VERSE.*

The world by very virtue of its suffering continues to blossom into verse, and it must be many years since the flower of contemporary poetry was so rich, so various, and so full of promise. Here are five slim volumes, modest enough in bulk, but all of them alive with the true poetic instinct, and all so different from one another as to argue a real sincerity in the writers, and a genuine impulse to express individual temperament in an individual fashion. Courage in experiment, freedom of thought, honesty of expression—all these qualities of poetry are to be found in different degrees in their pages, and in every one there can be traced the prompting influence of the formative experience through which a bewildered world is slowly making its way towards the light.

Mr. John Freeman is frankly inspired by the war, and faces its spiritual problem with dignity and a fine, reserved confidence. His "Presage of Victory" is a vision of the inherited strength which has nerved Britain to her ordeal, revealed in a pageant of the warriors of old whose blood courses through the veins of the warriors of to-day:

"All round the folding hills were like green waves,
Tossing awhile together ere they fall
And fling their salt on the steep, stony beach.
The sound I heard was sound of Roman feet—
I saw the sparkling light on Roman glaives,
I heard the Roman speech
Answering the wild Iberian battle-call:
They passed from sight on the long street.
And I saw then the Mercian kings that strode
Proudly from the small city of grey stone,
And climbed the folding hills."

and so forth; and out of this inheritance of renown the poet moulds his presage of victory:

"Then first I knew the joy that yet should be
Ringing from campèd hill and guarded sea
With England's victory.
The dust had stirred, the infinite dust had stirred,
It was the courage of the past I heard,
The virtue of those buried bones again
Animate in these marching Englishmen."

Mr. Freeman's verse is strong, wiry, full of fibre, and

* "Presage of Victory." By John Freeman. 1s. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"Poems and Lyrics." By George Reston Malloch. 3s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)—"To Verhaeren and Other Poems." By William Kean Seymour. 1s. 6d. net. (J. C. Wilson.)—"Rail-Head, and Other Poems." By Gilbert Waterhouse. 1s. net. (Macdonald.)—"A Highland Regiment." By E. A. Mackintosh, M.C. (John Lane.)

deepens with its theme to an indisputable nobility both of thought and utterance :

" And for a time the holy things are veiled.
England's wise thoughts are swords ; her quiet hours
Are trodden underfoot like wayside flowers,
And every English heart is England's wholly.
In starless night
A serious passion streams the heaven with light,
A common beating is in the air—
The heart of England throbbing everywhere."

There is a touch of rhetoric in Mr. Freeman's strongest poetry, but it is a rhetoric wide-winged and of penetrating effect. He sounds the heroic note with no uncertain sound.

Mr. George Reston Malloch, by way of contrast, is as little rhetorical as it is possible to be. He is an experimentalist in metre, seldom following hackneyed forms, and yielding only in a certain conventional monotony of his rhymes to the tyranny of tradition. His forms are various and extremely interesting. He relies for his effects on harmony rather than upon melody, but his music is rich and full-bodied, and even his *vers libre* preserves a perfect and haunting cadence. His surest theme is a passion for nature, and a ready submission to the moods invoked in a sensitive mind by the changes of natural beauty and light :

" Into the evening wood,
Some brooding night of spring,
When the song of unseen birds
Is of desire :

" Into the western night,
When dying fires of day
Burn red ; and, star-bejewelled,
The east is dark :

" Into the heart of love,
Into the lighted house,
Ere, one by one, the lamps
Die down and out :

" There would the wearied soul
Fly out from this its cage—
The bars of flesh it bends
Will never break."

And again :

" Shall any gold October brings
Console us for a far-off time
When April sighed and spread her wings ?

" Or shall achievement in its prime
Fulfil the rapturous hope that sings
In the first ecstasy of rhyme ?

" A deepening chill the autumn brings,
The finished statue stands sublime.
Life turns to hew at other things."

Alike in depth and reality of sentiment, as in technical originality and interest, Mr. Malloch is very clearly a Georgian to be reckoned with among the most suggestive of his time.

In Mr. William Kean Seymour we recognise not so much audacity of experiment as a sound loyalty to the best standards of the past, and an almost acute appreciation of beauty both in vision and in form. That fine poet and judge of poetry, Mr. Eugene Mason, says in a brief but critical introduction, that the distinctive quality of Mr. Seymour's work is its sense of beauty, and his judgment will be generally accepted. His gift for description is very sensitive :

" Before me poplars and a plunging hill,
A valley of trees and pastures, and a stream
Winding in pale tranquility, a dream
With mirrored clouds serenely white and still.
Day passes, all reluctant to fulfil
His destined course, with dragging wheels that seam
The sky with ruts of fire that glow and gleam
And tincture heaven with rose and daffodil.
The moving pageant of the stream below—
Armour and plumes in immaterial fray—
Blur into soft division, silver and black ;
A star burns by an island, and I know
That where was flame and passionate light of Day
The sad moon climbs her lone and weary track."

Here the imagery is clustered as close as art will permit, and yet the picture is not overladen. And Mr. Seymour's poetry is full of such rich and multi-coloured pageantry, a sheer delight to the eye and the imagination.

Mr. Gilbert Waterhouse, of the Essex Regiment, was reported wounded and missing on the 1st of July last, and an additional human interest thus attaches to his vigorously human verse. Whether or not he is one of the poets whom the war has created, it is at least certain that he finds in the war material out of which rugged and intensely touching poetry may be wrought. He affects rough, swinging metres, and sharp, realistic touches, but he never gets out of sight of the compelling reticence of art. There could hardly be an uglier spot, perhaps, than Someville, disfigured and abused by war :

" Someville is the Rail-head for bully beef and tea,
Matches and candles, and (good for you and me)
Cocoa and coffee and biscuits by the tin,
Sardines, condensed milk, petrol and paraffin."

But the cuckoo still cries across the ravaged fields, where Jean and Marcelle used to wander, and Jean has gone to the war, and Marcelle will look at no British soldier, and her mother is changed by sorrow into a scolding harridan :

" But mother and daughter, tho' Tommy doesn't see,
Are held by the bond of a common memory,
A husband, a father, a lover, and a son,
The war barely started, and all were up and gone,
And mother and daughter now work upon the farms,
With only the memory of those encircling arms.
Someville is the Rail-head for tea and bully beef,
Dusty and dirty, with all the woods in leaf
In April, sweet April, and all the world at war,
And cuckoos a calling, and never care a straw."

This is rough verse, no doubt, with an awkward rhyme or two to disfigure it, but it has the note of true sincerity, and the simple insight of a sympathetic nature.

Mr. E. A. Mackintosh, of the Seaforth Highlanders, carries us further, and his poignant little volume must rank among the best " soldier-verse " that the war has given us. He makes no concession to sentiment, but lets his muse speak of battle exactly as she finds it—a thing of stark horror and irrational wrong. For the soldier is face to face with hell :

" There is no need of honour for you,
There is no gift the gods can send,
Only the weary days before you,
Only endurance to the end.

Photo by S. A. Chandler & Co. **Miss E. M. Delafield,**
whose brilliant first novel, " Zella Sees Herself," is published by Mr. Heinemann.

This remains, that in all temptation
Still your head shall be lifted high.
You that have known a worse damnation,
Why should you be afraid to die?

* * * * *

"Fear? If hope is a thing forgotten,
What can you fear the gods will do?
If the heart and kernel of life is rotten
What is the husk to trouble you?
Stand up straight to your work; be strong, lad,
Never a fear of bullet or shell:
You that have lived in hell for long, lad,
Needn't be fearing to die in hell."

And even, perhaps, more keenly touching still is the memorial poem to a soldier in his company, who fell under his command last May. The poet addresses the dead man's father, and reminds him that the leader in such an expedition has a sorrow and a loss peculiarly his own:

"You were only David's father,
But I had fifty sons
When we went up in the evening
Under the arch of the guns;
And we came back at twilight—
Oh, God! I heard them call
To me for help and pity
That could not help at all.

"Oh, never shall I forget you,
My men that trusted me,
More my sons than your fathers',
For they could only see
The little helpless babies
And the young men in their pride.
They could not see you dying,
And hold you while you died."

It may well be doubted if Poetry has said anything more real or more tender than that, in all its tributes to the bitterness of this war.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE DRAMA OF EAST AND WEST.*

"I like to feed on fine things. I'm half afraid of the second-rate": in a nutshell this paints the mind of Mr. Hichens's white embodiment of all the virtues, his Rosamund who finds her dream in a Greek valley and its fulfilment in a cathedral close. For Rosamund cannot trust herself to sift the grain from the husks in either art or morals. Nothing in art but that which has passed the testing of the ages, nothing in morals but that which has reached the stage of orthodoxy will she touch. She is not stupid, she simply has no trace of love for mental adventure. That this Rosamund is well drawn no woman can deny: with equal certainty no one can deny her priggishness, her want of human kindness, a want that makes her capable of something very like crime when once the ruling passion has the upper hand in her. For Rosamund is an egotist whose motherhood is a mere extension of self so that, instead of making her tenderer to all the world, it closes the door of her heart. In fact, "In the Wilderness" is a very effective warning against the superior woman, a superior woman being defined for this occasion as one who uses a man as a mere tool wherewith to attain her own end. That the end is a good one makes no difference to the cruelty of the attitude, though no doubt many men are used as tools without discovering it. In this case the discovery comes through the accident of a child's death.

This fact indicates the chief defect of the novel which, as a story, seems to have been made rather than to have grown. The spirit of Greece, seen under honeymoon conditions, pulls all the strings in the lives of Dion and Rosamund. In the wonderful little house at Westminster, where lavender is burnt every day and the eggs are boiled lovingly, it is Hermes who acts as Lares and Penates. It is the contrast between Athens and Constantinople that makes the woman of evil inhabit a Turkish pavilion. The design is as formal as a striped parterre, and vice and virtue appear largely as mere questions of topography in which the good make straight for the slopes of the Acropolis, and the bad for the place of mosques. Queerly enough, Mr. Hichens, whose books have thrilled English readers with the lure of the exotic, grows far less interesting when his woman villain leaves her London flat for a Turkish rose garden. With the discovery of her, she becomes just as commonplace a piece of evil as one could possibly meet, which, of course, is all on the side of the angels, but produces in the reader the feeling that he has been cheated on the stage by a sawdust figure in place of a live actress. In London Mrs. Clarke produces an effect of mystery: sinner we guess her to be, but are willing to believe that her subtlety is as great as her sin. But lo! when she is revealed there is about her not a trace of the subtle or the exotic. Like a ghost which turns out to be a candle in a lighted turnip she shocks by her vulgarity. What, however, is really subtle is Mr. Hichens's picture of the attitude of her women friends towards this breaker of all the laws. Although they guess all and know much, they watch her with a smile that is half a condonation. So much so is this the case that, although Mr. Hichens's sense of humour is distinctly shy, these watching women produce an effect of satirical irony. But then they were mostly diplomatic ladies and consequently, one supposes, had caught the habit of wide-mindedness from their cosmopolitan consorts.

Although we account Mr. Hichens a master of the spirit of place, and especially of the East, for all his eloquent references to the cypresses of Constantinople he scarcely succeeds in giving one its atmosphere, whereas every touch in his Greek descriptions shows the hand that painted the desert and the brain that brought home to the North the warm glory of Sicilian nights. In these he warms our hearts, but his Turkish scenes leave us cold. For the mystery of Turkey and its attraction we must still go to Pierre Loti. The reason for this is more spiritual than topographical, for here Mr. Hichens, always more complaisant to the English tradition in novel-writing than greater masters of his art, has yielded to the temptation to end happily. His hero, Dion the pure and honest, true prey of the huntress woman and scarcely fit to be trusted out alone, is made happy ever after by the intervention of an Anglican priest assisted by the softening vision of a Greek statue. Thus eastern wickedness is beaten to its knees. For the book lives by its strong black-and-white contrasts: morally it is as obvious as Hall Caine. "In the Wilderness" is very long and deliberate in style, told with an extraordinary superfluity of words, but in this country we like large rooms full of handsome articles of furniture all very plainly adapted to their several purposes. Mr. Hichens's new novel, therefore, will be a great success.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

* "In the Wilderness." By Robert Hichens. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

FORBIDDEN WAYS.*

This is a book which the author must have enjoyed writing, but it is a joy with which the stranger, *i.e.*, the non-Anglican, intermeddleth not. Mr. Free has six warnings for the members of his own church. All of them are more or less applicable to other churches, but the particular point of several depends upon the conditions and circumstances of the Anglican Communion, and an outsider must feel a certain embarrassment in overhearing a domestic dispute, much more in venturing to pronounce upon its merits. It is not that Mr. Free enjoys fault-finding. He speaks in sorrow and affection. Indignation makes him write this brief piece of prose remonstrance, a little speech of truth in love. But one cannot help feeling that he enjoys swinging his arm against the foibles and errors of his fellows. Certainly, he writes with crispness, and there is no hair in his pen.

* "Forbidden Ways: or, Friendly Warnings to Church Folk." By Richard Free. 2s. net. (Sampson Low.)

The title is taken from the military situation :

"He who for the first time visits a fortified town is apt to be unpleasantly impressed by the almost violent manner in which he is prohibited the use of this inviting road or that. His inquisitive ardour is continually chilled by admonitions to 'Beware,' his triumphant progress perpetually barred by declaration of 'No Thoroughfare.' . . . No 'By your leave' or 'With your kindly permission' soften the harshness of the interdict. Curt and uncompromising, it is flung, so to speak, at one's head; and woe betide the rash intruder who dares to disregard it!"

But who lays down such prohibitions for the Church of England? Can even archbishops or bishops compel attention and obedience to such peremptory orders? Is the Canon Law so operative? Mr. Free does not raise this question of authority. He puts forward his prohibitions in the name of what seems to him to be Truth, and leaves them to speak for themselves. He warns Anglicans of the six forbidden paths of Eccentricity, Ignorance, Sentiment, Pride, Tyranny, and Cowardice. Eccentricity is individualism, the go-as-you-please method of the various parties, High, Low, and Broad. Take warning from Dissent, which "would never have ventured to lift its ugly hydra head," were it not for "the rich breeding-ground of individualism"! One of the causes of individualism is the unwieldy nature of the dioceses, which prevents a bishop from coming into direct touch with his clergy; hence most of the latter are isolated, and "isolation is a rich breeding-ground of eccentricity." Now, Mr. Free pleads, let the bishops come down from their seats of pride and get into touch with their clergy. Extreme views and practices would not be so common "if the bishop could find time to dine occasionally with his vicars, chat with them as *primus inter pares* over an after-dinner pipe, and give them the benefit, not merely of his wider outlook and longer experience, but also of the real living sympathy that is more often concealed than revealed in that kind but cautious smile of his." It is candid of Mr. Free to take Laud as an example of tyranny. "He might have made a successful driver of cattle." But, indeed, all his counsels are candid. They give one the impression of a mind which is not "cross-bench" but unofficial, not to be put off by conventional assurances that all is well with the state of Denmark. To what extent his criticisms are justified and his suggestions practicable, no one outside the Church of England can venture to say. But a trenchant, eager little book like this might be read with profit by the clergy and members of other churches in the land.

James Moffatt.

A SOLDIER-POET.*

We shall never know how much the war has cost us, for there is no way of telling what mute inglorious Newtons, Miltons, Turners, Fieldings, Pitts, lie buried in those plots of foreign ground that have now become "for ever England." Some died and made no sign; some, for all their youthfulness, have had time to give so much of promise in their work as to make us aware we are still greatly underestimating what we have spent when we enter only their lives in the sum of our losses. Who can say how much literature alone has lost by the early deaths on the battlefield of Rupert Brooke, Harold Chapin, Donald Hankey, Dixon Scott, Gilbert Frankau, and many such others? And now one has to add to the list, and not far down on it, the name of Leslie Coulson.

Before the war, Leslie Coulson was known as a brilliant young journalist. He threw up his position on the staff of a leading London newspaper, and in September, 1914, enlisted as a private in the London Fusiliers. He served in Gallipoli, where he was slightly wounded but remained to be among the last to leave the Peninsula; then, after further service in Egypt, he went with his battalion to France in April, 1916. By then he had the rank of sergeant, and was recommended for a commission. He took part in the Somme advance of July 1st, and, as a sympathetic preface to this book tells us, "from that time he was almost continuously in the trenches till October 7th, when, in the forefront of a charge against a German position near Lesbœufs, he was shot in the chest, and died a few hours later. His age was twenty-seven."

Into this small volume has been gathered a selection of the poems he had written in the years before the war, and those he wrote while he was in hospital or campaigning in Gallipoli, Egypt, and France. The earlier verses are full of a love of the open road and a sensitive delight in the beauty and joy of the old tranquillities of nature; but, as with Rupert Brooke, the war seems to have touched him to finer issues, to have broadened and deepened his range of thought and feeling. He felt the pity and pathos and infinite tragedy of the suffering, devastation, death, that were everywhere around him in the battle zone, yet there is nothing of fretfulness, no weakness of sentiment, even in such a poem as "——But a Short Time to Live," which might almost have been written when some premonition of the nearness of his own end was upon him :

"Our little hour—how short a time
To wage our wars, to fan our hates,
To take our fill of armoured crime,
To troop our banners, storm the gates;
Blood on the sword, our eyes blood-red,
Blind in our puny reign of power,
Do we forget how soon is sped
Our little hour?" . . .

For all the horrors that had gone over him he could still see a budding morrow at midnight, find hope at the heart of darkness, when he wrote "The Rainbow" whilst he was under fire last August :

"I watch the white dawn gleam,
To the thunder of the guns;
I hear the hot shells scream
Through skies as sweet as a dream
Where the silver dawnbreak runs;
And stabbing of light
Scorches the virginal white;
But I feel in my being the old high sanctified thrill,
And I thank the gods that the dawn is beautiful still. . . .

"When night falls dark we creep
In silence to our dead;
We dig a few feet deep
And leave them there to sleep—
But blood at night is red,
Yea, even at night,
And a dead man's face is white;
And I dry my hands that are also trained to kill,
And I look at the stars—for the stars are beautiful still."

He strikes a deeper note, a note of grim and terrible protest, in the sonnet, "Judgment," and again in those last verses, "Who Made the Law?" which were found in his pocket after he was dead, and are dated with the month of his death :

". . . Who made the Law that Death should stalk the village?
Who spake the word to kill among the sheaves?
Who gave it forth that Death should lurk in hedgerows?
Who flung the dead among the fallen leaves?
Who made the Law?" . . .

Even the longing in "When I Come Home" is only a brave looking-forward, and if we are sensible of something of heartbreak in it now as we read, it is because we know that the dreams it embodies can never come true. The war has produced much verse, but not much that is finer or will prove more enduring than the best that is in "From an Outpost."

A. St. John Adcock.

* "From an Outpost." By Leslie Coulson. With a prefatory memoir by F. R. C. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

THE PRAYER OF FAITH.*

In the preface to a notable volume the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia" describes the studies which it contains as "the result of a sustained corporate effort" on the part of herself, three laymen, two parish clergymen, two clerical dons—all Anglicans—a Wesleyan theological tutor,

* "Concerning Prayer: Its Nature, its Difficulties, and its Value." By the Author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia" (and other Writers). 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

XUM

a Congregational minister, and an American professor belonging to the Society of Friends. The object in view was "to clear up their own ideas" on the important matter of prayer. Most of the contributors were able to meet together, to read and discuss their papers, and these were afterwards revised. The studies which thus arose are of the nature of conferences. At the same time they are independent one of another, both in treatment and particular subject. Two on the nature of the Eucharist and one on the Devil have indeed a very thin connection with the matter of prayer at large. In expressing a personal opinion that the collection, taken as a whole, has a real and considerable value, it must be understood that I speak somewhat from an academical standpoint, for the discussions are academic in character. They communicate sane instruction and not, as it seems to me, the life of their theme. Above all they convey no message to the ordinary man and woman in the present war of the worlds, though a connection with this need is suggested in the introductory remarks. There is little in the whole five hundred pages which can be held to justify a mother in praying that her son at the front may return safe and sound, or to satisfy her when that prayer is not heard. The general trend of the essays sets aside petitions of this kind implicitly, taking a higher ground.

The editor defines true prayer as essentially contemplation of things eternal and realisation of God's love and power. Canon Streeter regards it as uttered trust, having efficacy in proportion to the perfection of trust implied. Mr. Lofthouse says that it is intercourse of the soul with God. Mr. Harold Anson presents what he terms, rather emblematically, a scientific idea of prayer, describing it as "a determined effort to give entrance to God's light." Professor Rufus Jones affirms that it is "immediate spiritual fellowship," while Mr. Leonard Hodgson invites us to regard it as co-operation with the Divine work, and Mr. A. C. Turner terms it an attempted entry into the Kingdom of God, so that man may know what God wills. Only Mr. Edwyn Bevan holds that prayer is essentially petition and makes a brave attempt to deal with the common difficulties of this view, though he carries no full conviction, and his formal points of debate may puzzle rather than help the anxious heart of that mother whom I have ventured to postulate. The simplicity of her case and of other cases like it is of course its peculiar difficulty, in view of the promise that those who ask shall receive. Could she only understand that her sacred heart of love is the nearest of human things to the Divine Heart, that it abides therein, and there also abides the beloved object—as much in death as in life—in such vital faith she would find her ground of consolation.

The definitions which I have quoted are neither alternatives nor things that exclude one another. They are selected aspects of a subject which has many aspects, and the studies from which I have taken them are good and sincere studies. For myself as a mystic they are not without profit as aids to reflection on the true attitude of prayer, which places the Divine immanent in human personality in conscious relation with the Divine immanent in the universe, and is the realisation of that relation. I register a personal conviction that our spiritual desires formulated on this basis, for ourselves or for others, can never fail of their effect; and in so far as public intercessory prayer proceeds from this ground, there is no power of the world with which it suffers comparison, for it is the union of human wills with the will of God.

A. E. WAITE.

A NATURAL CHRISTIAN SOUL.*

An obscure critic has lately made the surprising discovery that Lionel Johnson's Catholicism was simply a fashion of the 'nineties, and that his Irishism was a pleasant pose, and the latter discovery has been applauded by a writer in *The Times* Literary Supplement. This little book comes for an answer to such vain things. To those who knew and loved Lionel Johnson no such answer was necessary. His was a natural Christian soul. He was a little saint strayed from the Middle Ages, a reincarnation, it might have been, of one of the monks of Winchester when that seat of learning was a new foundation and very holy. His "Irishism" was part of his natural religion, as it was part of the love for lost causes—a lost cause never lost beyond the hope of regaining—characteristic of such high and gentle natures as his. True, he was Anglo-Irish, and his great-grandfather beat the rebels of '98 at New Ross; but it is just from such a stock that the greatest lovers and leaders of Ireland have sprung, and in many cases gone back to the religion for which Ireland has suffered because the religion and the love of country seem so inextricably mingled.

It must have been a difficult thing to select "Religious Poems" from the mass of Lionel Johnson's work, because it might be said of him, contrariwise to Sainte-Beuve's verdict on the poetry of Maurice de Guèrin, that there is nothing here without a thought of God in it. The maker of the selections must have recognised this, and perhaps also that Johnson's poems definitely written around definite religious themes are not his finest. When the golden strand is interwoven with others, then the poet is at his best. Therefore the compiler has thought well to keep the majestic "Bagley Woods" and "The Precept of Silence," neither definitely religious. The strands—well, natural beauty, patriotism, love of friends—there never was a greater lover of his friends than Lionel Johnson—literature. A selection from Lionel Johnson is needed. These "Religious Poems" are beautiful and within their limits could not be bettered, but we need more than that to let the world know what a stately and lofty poet was lost young in Lionel Johnson. He belonged to a quite, or nearly quite, corrupt time in literature—the 'nineties—when literature took the place of life, and the life it depicted was very often a base one. There were a few "candles before the Holy Rood" in that corrupt decade, and of them Lionel Johnson burned brightly in the murky air. As time passes this sane and saintly poet will come more and more into his own. He wrote at a time when religion and fidelity were "a pose" to those materialists. It will be a better and cleaner and braver world than that after the war.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

* "The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson." 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews: Burns & Oates.)

PIONEERS IN PAINT.*

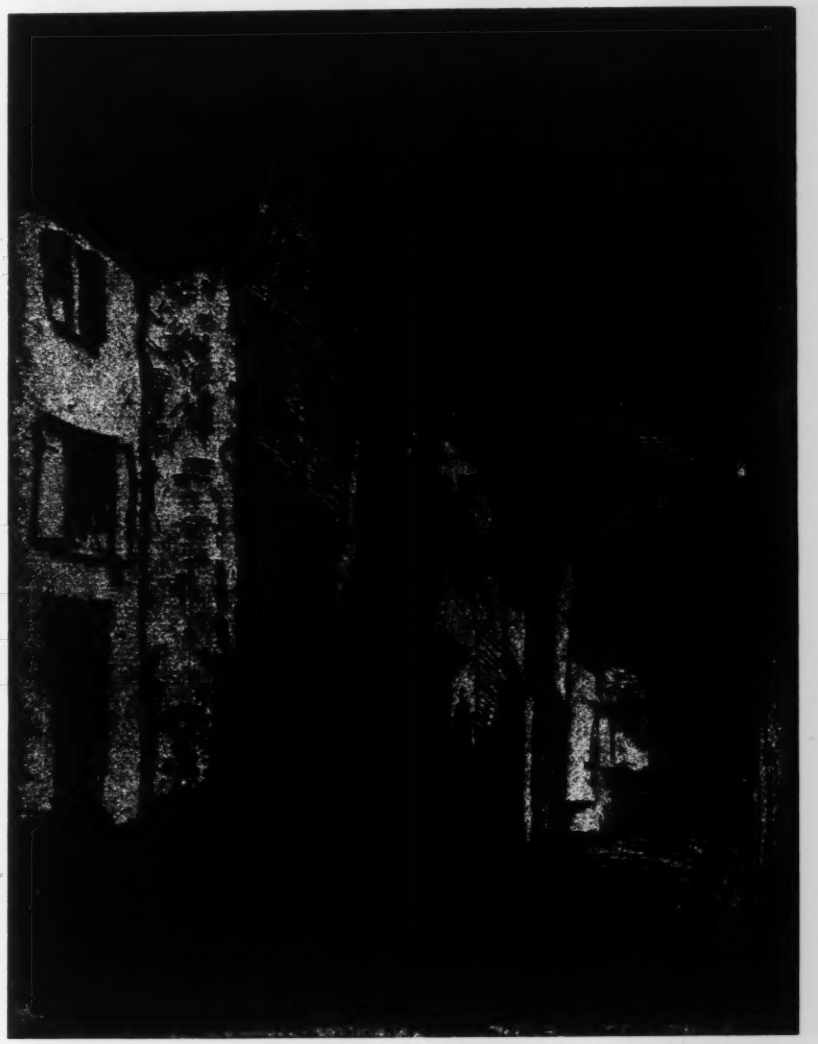
The pictures of Whistler enraged our parents; the pictures of Nevinson enrage ourselves; the pictures of Somebody will enrage our children. And so it goes on. Let us try to examine some causes of this perpetual misunderstanding.

We judge pictures by our own conceptions; the painter produces them from his. If the two conceptions harmonise there is no trouble. Only, let us observe this—that the painter who produces pictures in complete harmony with popular views may have one house in Palace Gate, another in Kent and a third in Banffshire; but the next generations of connoisseurs at Christie's won't give a penny an inch for him. Some once popular artists have lived long enough to witness their own downfall. To illustrate this precarious popularity by names would be invidious. If we turn to any volume of Academy Pictures for 1890 or thereabouts we shall find the point abundantly illustrated. The artist who follows the public is like a leader who truckles to the crowd. He is popular for a time; but he is soon found out.

The more original the artist's genius, the more likely he is to be at cross-purposes with the public. The public

* "Whistler." By Theodore Duret. Translated by Frank Rutter. With 32 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.) —"Modern War Paintings." By C. R. W. Nevinson. With an Essay by P. G. Konody. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

has been accustomed to receive certain sensations from pictures and it desires to go on receiving just the same kind of sensations. It likes what Mr. Bernard Shaw calls cheerful pictures of Masters of Hounds in bright pink coats on shiny bay horses. There is adequate provision for this public need. "What you call English Art," says Whistler, "is not Art at all, but Produce; of which there is, and always has been, and always will be, a plenty." But an artist of strong originality is unwilling to go on manufacturing pictorial produce. He has a vision of his own and insists on presenting that vision. Result, he is furiously denounced, and his pictures are called ugly. Now, what really infuriates the public about a new artist is not ugliness but strangeness. The popular eye lacks rapidity of accommodation. It does not easily focus upon any unaccustomed view. The other arts can tell the same story. The wonderfully symmetrical music of Beethoven was denounced as chaotic and formless; the ultra-melodious music of Wagner was denounced as unmelodious. In each case the public put a wrong name to what annoyed it. Wagner was as melodious as Mendelssohn; but he tried to merge his melody into the drama instead of isolating it with *ad captandum* flourishes; and that innovation was what the public resented. What the public disliked in Beethoven was not his formlessness, for in fact he was as formal as Haydn, but the new and unusual significance with which he invested the old forms. That is to say, the rock of offence was not the ugliness of his music, but its peculiar beauty. So with Whistler. Now that "Old Battersea Bridge," the "Nocturne in Blue and Silver," is one of the most popular pictures in the national collection, it is difficult for us to recall the fury of hatred it first aroused. It enraged the public when it was exhibited in 1877 and it was hissed by the crowd at Christie's when it was put up for sale in 1886. "Oh day and night, but this is wondrous strange," exclaims the world at every really new manifestation of art. The elect minority as a stranger gives it welcome; the suspicious majority heaves 'arf a brick at it.



Street in Saverne.

From "Whistler," by Theodore Duret (Grant Richards).

The artist's own missionary spirit is often to blame for the preliminary misunderstandings. Sometimes he is aggressive and insists not merely that what he produces is art, but that what other people have produced isn't art at all. It is the crusading iconoclast as much as the painting innovator that arouses public opposition. Whistler challenged the whole of what may be called the vested interests of art, and the result, of course, was that the vested interests united to crush him. We, the later public, can take a tranquil view of the conflict. We can share Whistler's scorn for pictures that are simply sentimental anecdotes indifferently painted, and admire his insistence upon pattern, tones and harmonies expressed in terms of paint as the real matter of a picture; but we are not thereby compelled to repudiate "Bacchus and Ariadne" or the "Supper at Emmaus" on the ground that they are illustrations. So with Mr. Nevinson's friends—whoever they may be at the moment, for he has belonged to so many "groups" that it is a little difficult to follow him. The Futurists may be right in insisting that art must go forward and conquer new worlds of expression; but some of them go further and insist that, as a preliminary to the new world, we must obliterate the old. That is just what can never be done. "Business as usual during alterations" is the rule in art as in trade. Art, like institutions, must evolve on the lines of conservative innovation; otherwise its developments will be mere "sports" or freaks liable to rapid extinction. In the end of all it is not the artist but the public who is the ultimate judge of what is legitimate in art. The public, resentful at first, is reconciled at last; it separates the genuine pioneers from the charlatans, and its considered judgment confers or withholds immortality. The public is at least teachable; it is the alleged experts who remain obstinately in the wrong. The public had already immortalised Wagner when the professors were still painfully trying to prove that he could not write a tune; and quiet amateurs were treasuring the existing etchings of Whistler when Ruskin was denouncing him as a "Cockney" and a "coxcomb" who impudently flung a pot of paint in the face of the public.

Sometimes artist and public are at variance about what is called "beauty." Now, beauty in art is an indication of perfect accomplishment. The alleged prettiness of the object represented has nothing to do with the beauty of the representation. Velasquez painted an attractive young woman lying naked with her back to the spectator. "Venus with the Mirror" is certainly beautiful; but Rembrandt's etching of a nude negress lying in much the same attitude is even more beautiful. In the world

of fact you naturally prefer white women to black; in the world of art the black may be more comely than the white.

We must not limit the artist beforehand by our definitions; we must let him prove his case. But he must really prove it, and not merely talk about it. There are two factors of success in art, the idea and the transmission. It is useless for an artist to claim that his work clearly signifies something to him if it clearly signifies nothing to anyone else. No transmission, no art; that is the final test. Whistler's notorious "Nocturne in Black and Gold" is an instance of failure in transmission. He tried to render the effect of black night relieved by the rockets of Cremorne. I think he failed to transmit his view. Ruskin accused him of artistic dishonesty. But it was Ruskin who was dishonest. He was not merely mistaken, he was deliberately unfair. Whistler's Nocturne is, in my opinion, a failure, but it is an honest failure. His idea was good; he failed in transmitting it.

The kind of art represented by Mr. Nevinson must be considered from his own point of view and not from our preconceptions about the limits of representation. His pictures are unusual; but we must not reject them on that ground. The unusual in art may be simply the unusually beautiful. He tells us that he has tried to give in his pictures "an abstract, dynamic and mental impression, rather than a concrete, static or optical." Now, it is quite irrelevant for us to discuss whether pictures should be static or dynamic. The question about Mr. Nevinson's art is, Does it succeed? Is the artist's idea successfully transmitted? The answer in most cases is an emphatic affirmative. His "Column on the March" is not merely a picture of soldiers, it is a picture of a march. You can see the men plugging away along the wet road. It is the dynamic method justified. The same may be said of "Pursuing a Taube," in which the rush of the machines through the air is successfully suggested, and of "Before the Storm," in which the biplane seems to leap visibly out from the cloud into the fields of light. The method of abstraction is almost appallingly successful in such a picture as "La Patrie," with its rows of pain-racked men lying in a huge dark shed waiting for treatment. It is a painting not so much of persons as of pain itself. Technically it seems to me somewhat at fault in its lighting and in its rapid perspective. The indicated sources of light are so small and remote that the fierce illumination of the faces appears almost melodramatic in exaggeration.

I fear I have said, and have space to say, very little about the volumes that have suggested these remarks; but, after all, little need be said. M. Duret's book is a very sound and critically persuasive account of Whistler's career, written with all the authority of a friend. It hardly does justice to our tardy British repentance; it does not mention the Memorial Exhibition of 1905 or what may be called Whistler's later popularity here. Mr. Nevinson's volume, introduced by a very valuable critical preface from the pen of Mr. P. G. Konody, is an indispensable document of the war, worth more than whole reams of descriptive journalism. More important than any detailed account of the volumes is the general lesson which they both seem to convey and upon which I have tried to dwell—the need for patience and understanding in ourselves when we meet with something new in art. Let us beware of resenting the new and calling it ugly merely because it is unusual. We must greet the unforeseen, if not with a cheer, then at least with charity.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND GERMANY.

It is perhaps rather a singular circumstance that it should have been left for the present epoch to usher into the world an English version of Henri de Catt's "Memoirs of Frederick the Great."[1] The book was written about 1760, it has long been accessible in French, but only in very small print; it was exhaustively used by Carlyle in his mammoth "Life of Frederick," and a handsome version of the book such as the present could have been well understood when Frederick the Great was a national hero almost. Witness his blue uniform on numerous tavern signs in this country, witness the numerous portraits of him in public places (a notable one adorns the Athenæum Club), witness the numerous lives of him, culminating in the aforesaid colossal effort of Carlyle. The nation in its present mood is sand blind and stone deaf to the merits of the Hohenzollerns, and above all of Frederick. In Tudor times, when the English hated liberty and seemed to enjoy cruelty, Frederick might have made a popular effigy; but in the present day we are converts to Cecil Chesterton's view of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and many of us sincerely hope that we shall live to see the last of the Hohenzollerns. We have a robust loathing for Frederick the Great. We remember Bismarck's melancholy retrospect of 1877—

> "It was twilight at Varzin, and he was sitting, as was his wont after dinner, by the stove in the large back drawing-room, where Rauch's statue of 'Victory casting Wreaths' is set up. After having sat silent for a while, gazing straight before him and feeding the fire now and anon with fir-cones, he suddenly began to complain that his political activity had brought him but little satisfaction and few friends. Nobody loved him for what he had done. He had never made anyone happy thereby, he said; not himself, nor his family, nor any one else. Some of those present would not admit this, saying 'That he had made a great nation happy.' 'But,' he continued, 'how many have I made unhappy! But for me, three great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished; parents, brothers, sisters, and widows would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning. . . . That matter, however, I have settled with God. But I have had no joy from all my achievements—nothing but vexation, care and trouble'"—

and we find it applies far better to Frederick than to his great successor. Since the time of Henry VII. we have never had an English leader who in the least resembled Frederick, and if we had we should certainly cut him out of our hearts, in which we never entertained a very warm place for William III. In this book, at any rate, we find a most repugnant figure, the War Lord of the Prussian Army as described by Barry Lyndon, Esq., a monster of cynicism and false taste. It is strange that human beings are to be found who idolise such a monster, strange above all, perhaps, that the French can be found to idolise Napoleon, whose resemblance to Frederick is greater, it seems to us, than to any other great modern figure. Of Napoleon it might almost be said that he was, if possible, more inhuman in respect of his intellect, his industry, and his application, even than Frederick the Great; but he was less vulturine. Anything more appalling than Frederick's power of fascination over the unhappy de Catt it would perhaps be impossible to imagine; it is depressing even to think that a man of cultivation and goodwill should have been so easily bamboozled. How far Frederick's passion for emending French poetry was a sincere one it is difficult to estimate; but, to judge by the specimens given of his labours, there seems little ground for quarrelling with Dr. Johnson's estimate that he could write French verse just about well enough to be able to compete with one of Voltaire's footboys. It can hardly have been a complete pose; more than anything else one can think of it resembles the passion for French lyrical verse evinced by that detestable vampire, "Uncle Silas," surely one of the most repulsive figures in modern fiction. Henri de Catt may have been a sincere sycophant, and his testimony may be true, but on the plane of mental capacity he can hardly have risen equal to the standard of Kirk White, and for the proper understanding of such a character as Frederick it would be necessary to substitute a Casanova or a Barry Lyndon. They would have had a chance of seeing through his terrible professions of political innocence, intellectual disinterestedness, and universal benevolence. His real philosophy is well discerned by that great master of irony who first applied the title of predominant Partner (of the United Kingdom) to England. No better judge could have been found on the Bench than Lord Rosebery to sum up the character of the man whose career culminated

[1] 2 vols. 21s. net. (Constable.)

in the partition of Poland. "Take what you can and how you can, without regard to means," this is what Frederick did, and then with a heterogeneous army of Prussians, deserters, kidnapped men, and prisoners, crimped from every State in Europe (as pictured by Thackeray and George Sand), he bade defiance to his neighbours. Like Napoleon, he wore poison next his heart, like Napoleon his ultimate criterion was artillery fire, unlike Napoleon he spent his leisure in composing and declaiming bad French verse to his literary parasite Henri de Catt. He bequeathed to Prussia additional acres, and the doctrine of "might above right." The end and aggrandisement of Prussia justified any means. But no such extenuation was valid for any other country. Prussia, to apply a common proverb, might steal another's horse when another Power might not look over the hedge. When Joseph II. attempted to annex Bavaria, not by spoliation but by agreement with the Elector, the stern Prussian moralist was up in arms at once to prevent so obvious an iniquity. And now when we hear Prussia, which starved Paris, denouncing to God and man a blockade which affects her supply of food, we plainly discern once more the voice and heritage of Frederick.

Again, all through the Seven Years' War we hear the King complaining of the wanton malice of his enemies who will not leave him alone, the wail of oppressed innocence, with Silesia in the background. So now we hear his kingdom, after preparing for a generation a vast conspiracy against the freedom of mankind, protesting against the iniquitous attack of her neighbours, the wolf attempting to bleat. This, too, is part of the heritage of Frederick.

If we want to find a match for him among the Royal houses we shall have, I think, to go back to that most criminal of centuries, the fifteenth. As a misanthrope Frederick could, perhaps, find a rival in his own time in the person of Dean Swift. It was worthy of Swift, for a man who had no friends, to express a wish to be buried among his dogs. Knaves, knaves, knaves, the world is full of knaves and rogues, of the idle, of the incompetent, the wasteful, and the sensual; roguery everywhere. He could command obedience from automata subjected to his will, but saving his faithful dogs he could not command love or loyalty.

Very useful as accompanying this choice angle of observation upon the Great Frederick, and illustrating the achievement of the Hohenzollerns, are three books on a somewhat diverse scale. First there is Germany in the "Nations' Histories"[2] (Jack) by Professor W. T. Waugh, acting substitute for Professor Powicke at Belfast University, a useful specimen of historical condensation, interestingly illustrated and with a valuable statistical summary and index, in 400 pages. This it may be noted is not an *ad hoc* history written in part to explain or justify the war. It is a clear and moderate sketch and fills a real gap. The Prussian strand of the German Rope is traced in larger perspective from 1417 to 1871 by J. A. R. Marriott and C. Grant Robertson in the "Evolution of Prussia,"[3] the chief stages being the Making by the Great Elector and the Great King, the period of illuminated despotism from 1618 to 1786, the Unmaking which culminated at Tilsit in 1807, the Remaking attributed from above to William the Great (whose label is in perpetual danger of slipping off) but really the work of Bismarck, and a brief Epilogue dealing with the bid for world-dominion, 1890–1915. As works of generalisation these do not perhaps quite rival the masterpieces of this peculiarly French genre by Denis and Lavisse. They are, however, so far as I can judge, decidedly superior to anything of the kind pre-existing in this country. The frame-work of the Evolution of Prussia one imagines must have been the work of Mr. Marriott, whose exposition of the Making of Modern Italy is within its limits a supremely successful effort at interesting and impressing the reader with his subject. The History of Prussia does not lend itself quite so well to concentrated treatment. The revolution of 1848 is a master puzzle to explain to those unsophisticated in German history or politics; but the chapter that follows on "The Prussianisation of Germany" is excellent and should be read by all who want a clear understanding of the process. The dark shading in the portrait of Frederick the Great in his last loneliness we attribute to Mr. Robertson. It is very effective. "'We have fallen asleep upon the laurels of Frederick the Great.' Such was the text given out by Queen Luise after Jena. All else is commentary" is not so satisfying. A number of terrible sores were festering in the military system bequeathed by Frederick, it was the result of these rather than of somnolence, we imagine, which led to the debacle of 1806. The book concludes rightly that the central pivot of German foreign policy was and is the Austro-Hungarian Alliance.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

[2] 2s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)
[3] 5s. net. (Oxford University Press.)

MISS WILLCOCKS AND ANOTHER.*

The contrast between these two books is remarkable. In the one case there is a simplicity which, when the current of interest fails, sinks to bareness; in the other case there is an unresting elaborateness of manner which has its own virtues and defects. Mr. Mann's book, written so studiously in a low key, is probably to a great extent autobiographical; Miss Willcocks, still allowing her work to be marred by pride of knowledge, roams hither and thither in a rich field of character. Both books have qualities which make them interesting in diverse ways; and if neither, judged by any exacting standard, is wholly commendable, the fact that they both provoke discontent as well as appreciation is not without its significance. Mr. Mann's book is written in the first person singular, the brief record of a young man's life until his marriage and his death in the early days of the present war. The narrator is at first a farm worker; he becomes successively a clerk, a soldier (serving in the Boer war and on garrison duty in India), a journalist, a novelist, and finally something between a literary compiler and a business agent. His affairs with quite a number of women are briefly detailed, and the influences leading to a sterile marriage have their due place in the record. The virtue of the book may be found most clearly exemplified in its first half, where the author's method is still surprising, and where the events, seen through memory, are justifiably meagre. The latter half of the book, which perhaps, to satisfy the reader, might have been more coloured with emotion, has less the air of verisimilitude which marks the opening. Is it possible that the latter half is, as it were, injured by invention? Up to the introduction of an æsthetic lady named May, we accept all that Mr. Mann tells us, jibbing only slightly at his Indian intrigue. With May, however, we seem to begin to lose touch with immediate reality; and the successive amours have their tedious and sentimental passages. It is not that they seem untrue, for they are in many respects obviously true to nature; it is that one has not the same sense of their having actually occurred in this way to the narrator. One explanation may be that in the latter half of the book there are more set "dialogues," whereas at the beginning the author has referred only to particular speeches which might well have been remembered, and which therefore strike the reader as authentic. One is tantalised by the question as to how much of the book is fact and how much of fiction is cleverly interwoven; and it is possible to spend a very interesting couple of hours in reading and in remembering the details of a life which is not abnormal, but which yet has embraced a set of experiences of great variety.

In the case of "The Eyes of the Blind" one is upon a different level. Where Mr. Mann has studiously pursued a single life, link by link in the chain of events, Miss Willcocks brings her material from many households and

* "The Eyes of the Blind." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"Elliott, Limited." By D. S. Mann. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

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makes a magic to concentrate the sum of her heaped riches into a single narrative. Mr. Mann has shown a single life, touching other lives only, as it were, by the shoulders, endlessly solitary. Miss Willcocks introduces character upon character, home upon home, object upon object, until the reader doesn't know which way to turn. Old men, young men, doctors, parsons, fisherfolk, old ladies, girls, cunning married women, heaps of babies, men alive and men dead, blind and seeing. Only a brain of considerable grasp could carry such a freight. But Miss Willcocks presumably is right in understanding that man is social, and that he has his place in a milieu. Where the hero of "Elliott Limited" might be called an eccentric, in that he philosophically walks alone and ignores lives that do not touch his, all the characters in "The Eyes of the Blind" go about their business and pursue their solitary aims under the eye of Miss Willcocks and for the purposes of a larger synthesis. They play their parts in an elaborate and intricate scheme of things, rather verbose and figurative in speech, but all slowly developing individual consistency and all presently forming themselves as atoms in the unity of the tale. The book is full of luxurious undergrowth, through which it is sometimes difficult to see the wood; and the fond heart will seek vainly for any object of placid affection. Therefore it is necessary to read closely for the story, for the stories; sometimes repelled by the apparent sordidness lying in the affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Jemmy Carlyon, sometimes bewildered by the savage affection subsisting between the doctor and his Dorothy; but always marvelling at the amazing power by which Miss Willcocks contrives to blend all these affairs in a single tale.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

DESTUR MOBED AND OTHER STORIES.*

The portrait in photogravure which serves for frontispiece to this small book, Miss Elizabeth Lee's preface, and the stories themselves, all show clearly enough that Edgar Birnstingl, who died just two years ago at the age of sixteen, was a boy of unusual intelligence; but whether it was worth while to print these tales—unless in a private edition for interested personal friends—is questionable. Certainly the author himself, had he lived, would have left them in manuscript, or, if he had published them, it would have been at the cost of ultimate blushes for youthful indiscretion. It is not to be denied that they show promise, a facility for invention, and at any rate the germs of the power of expression. But one cannot but feel that Miss Lee overrates her young friend's actual performance. For instance:

> "Perhaps what chiefly strikes the reader of these stories," she writes, "is their reticence and conciseness. Young writers, as a rule, err on the side of diffuseness and expansion. But here, together with fulness of ideas and vividness of imagination, we have a sense of proportion rare except in the very best work."

Unfortunately, there is little in the stories to justify this high praise. They are the work of a quick-minded, ready-tongued boy with a healthy and entirely normal taste for adventures, blood and the uncanny—who, if he had read Poe, probably did not rate him so very much above Rider Haggard—and certain more individual traits, such as his interest in the properties of precious stones. As Miss Lee says, young writers are apt to be diffuse, but *very* young writers are often jejune for lack of the ability to fill their outlines, and it is because of this rather than of his mastery of the mature art of compression that fifteen of Birnstingl's stories can be printed in less than a hundred small pages. More interesting, in a way, than the tales themselves is the list of "epithets to describe stories" which is given in an appendix. The choice of adjectives themselves is not remarkable; but the fact that so young a boy should have set himself such a task is perhaps an indication that his impulse towards the making of literature would not have disappeared altogether with the adolescence which, though its stirrings may have been the actual first cause of his efforts at creation, had not yet defined itself sufficiently to place any stamp on the surface of this very boyish and sexless work. Birnstingl might well have developed into a writer of distinction. Whatever he had become, it is extremely unlikely that he would have sunk from so bright a boyhood into a commonplace manhood.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Destur Mobed and Other Stories." By Edgar M. Birnstingl. 5s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

THREE WAR NOVELS.

The war has entered into the lives of all of us so deeply that one realises sometimes, with a shock of surprise, that it is little more than two and a half years since it began. The world we live in now is so very different from the world we lived in then; we have sloughed prejudices, attained to wider visions, purchased by suffering a clearer view of the things that matter. It is perhaps with some slight sense of wonderment that we recall those days, not so very long ago, when we were seriously concerned about the Russian Ballet, and the Futurists and the neo-realistic novel, that last sad product of ante-war days. The change in us has been, in the real sense, spiritual, and it came, not as changes usually do, slowly and imperceptibly, but almost with the force of a revelation. It is inevitable, therefore, since art reflects life, that the war should already have become a subject for art, and since the change in men's outlook was the most apparent spiritual effect of the war, it is natural that artists should have found in it an inspiration.

Now to show that change in its true perspective, to relate it to the things that went before, and to present it as an idea clothed in particular and significant detail, is a task to challenge the powers of the very greatest writers among us, and any artist who attempts it seriously, even though the attempt may only partially succeed, is worthy of respect. If only for this reason Mr. Stephen McKenna's new novel, "Sonia, or Between Two Worlds,"[1] claims the attention of the serious critic. The two worlds of his title are the world before the war, in that vociferous, luxurious, apparently decadent period onwards from 1898, and the world of the future, which Mr. McKenna, in common with the rest of us, cannot prognosticate, but towards which he looks with a sane and cheery optimism that enables him to end his book on a strong note of hope. His characters are people of a transition period, and they belong to the very small "governing" class. His story is merely the story of their lives in relation to their time, and the skeleton of it is the political history of sixteen years. Yet from such elements as these he has made a drama of passionate intensity, or rather, he has interpreted for us that drama in which we all played a part, and which has reached now, its fifth and culminating act. He has written a political novel that is finer than anything since Disraeli, yet he makes us feel all the time that the events he describes are merely the manifestations of great influences which were moulding a nation.

I wish it were possible to give an adequate idea in a notice so short as this must be, of the wonderful vigour and virility of Mr. McKenna's book. Every scene, every character in it stands out. It is certainly one of the biggest things of our time. The first third of the book deals with life at a public school which the author calls Melton, and which is, perhaps, Winchester, and here we see the influence of one of the most treasured of our educational conventions upon the lives of practically all the chief characters. Not that the author presents these scenes with any didactic intent; there is no particular moral to be drawn; nevertheless with the entrance into the school of David O'Rane, the extraordinarily high-spirited youth of Irish blood, whose affectations are American, and whose experience has been bought with blood and tears in a score of cities all over the globe, we

[1] "Sonia, or Between Two Worlds." By Stephen McKenna. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

feel that we are watching the personified spirit of unrest, working in a composedly ordered world. "I suppose I'm up against one of your blamed rules?" says O'Rane, when he is to be thrashed by a prefect for cutting games. And thrashed he is, every ten days during the period when he is thrashable, that is until he gets into the Sixth, but it never even occurs to him to avoid the thrashing by keeping the rule.

It is the career of this extraordinary adventurer, David O'Rane—one of the most consistently lovable characters one has met with in fiction for many a day—that forms the motive of the book. He is, in a way, the chorus of the drama while still remaining its chief character, and the wild energy for which he stands as symbol may well be the saving spirit both of his race and our own. It is the author's art which shows him to us in contrast to the serene and controlled efficiency of Jim Loring, typical of the finest strain of our English aristocracy, and to the imperturbable pose that covers the efficiency or the helplessness of his school companions from whom the governing classes of the critical years are to be drawn. At school, and afterwards in business, in politics, and as a soldier in the ranks, his character is developed with admirable consistency. His strange influence works for good upon all his associates, and most of all upon the girl he loves, the friend of his boyhood's days, Sonia, who gives the title to the book, and who becomes, at last, worthy of the love of such a man. Mr. McKenna's novel is perhaps the herald of the new dawn some of us look forward to in literature—the return to sanity, and the art that is symbolism, the art that has for impulse the great basic facts of life.

Very different from Mr. McKenna's method is that adopted by Miss Netta Syrett in "Rose Cottingham Married,"[2] yet she has attempted, in some measure, a similar task. She tells the story of a young girl, cultured, and of good family, who marries, somewhere in the 'nineties, a brilliant young Labour leader, with distressing table manners and no presentable family at all. Here again, we have presented that strange world that now seems so remote—the London of the Yellow Book and Aubrey Beardsley and esoteric artistic cults and vague unrests. Rose Cottingham marries her demagogue and suffers in the attempt to blend two entirely different ideals. Yet because she loves him, she tries to force herself into his mould, and although she fails, she achieves finally a greater success by dint of changing the mould itself. The war does not come in until nearly the end of the book, when Rose Cottingham's only son is killed in his country's cause. Miss Syrett has, in no common degree, the power of grasping the essentials of a character, and of presenting it by means of subtle touches, so that her people live and develop before our eyes. She is also a shrewd commentator, and, at her best, a master of clever dialogue, For these reasons her book is well above the ordinary ruck of fiction, and it is certainly one that no discerning reader can afford to miss.

Yet somehow, one feels that in the scheme of her story the war has no real and vital significance. It is used to solve a problem rather than culminate a drama—the inevitability of all true tragedy is missing.

"Penton's Captain,"[3] the third of the novels dealing with the war which lie before me, must not be judged by the standards we apply to the other two. The author's aim has been merely to tell a love story, and to set the scene in those strenuous early months of the war. Her hero is a private soldier who used to be a clerk, and her heroine a lovable little domestic drudge. Here are all the familiar sentimentalities of this ever-popular kind of tale very charmingly and tenderly combined. If "Penton's Captain" is not high art, it is at least an excellent story of a kind that it is very good that we should have.

C. S. EVANS.

[2] "Rose Cottingham Married." By Netta Syrett. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

[3] "Penton's Captain." By M. E. Francis. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE SOUL IN WAR.*

No Englishman could have written this book. Rhetoric is an art that we do not encourage in practice; yet a Frenchman can employ it, as M. Loyson has done, with absolute confidence and complete success. It is one of the most spiritual and forceful books the war has produced. With an unusual eloquence, whipped with irony, warm with passion, the causes of the war are detailed, and the criminals—those murderers of the souls as well as the bodies of humanity—are arraigned. The true issue is illumined with a brilliance that makes it shine clear; and it is shown how urgent, inevitable, even beautiful, are the purposes for which the Allies are fighting. The war has become

> "the clash of principles above the armies, the meeting of two irreconcilable worlds, the truest of religious wars, a duel of ideals in the very mouth of hell."

With right confronting might, white *contra* black civilisation arming against brutality armed, how in the name of goodness, one is constrained to say, can there be hesitation or doubt? M. Loyson's deepest scorn is spent upon neutrals, "who become eunuchs for Satan's kingdom"; and, combined with a passion and a pathos of pleading such as must always be felt for the beloved betrayer, does he pour scorn, irony, anger, upon Romain Rolland, the Frenchman who, in the years of France's agony, has stood aloof, and can see no distinction between bad and good; nay, is even more tolerant of the German enemy than of his own stricken countrymen. Rolland cannot survive this book. He is tested, tried, found guilty at the bar of humanity. Louvain, Reims, the *Lusitania*, poisonous gas, Miss Cavell, the havoc and bloody violence ruining Belgium and France which, after deliberation, were brought about by the Huns, are nothing in the balance it seems: while on the other side was the promise of winning the Nobel Prize for the literature of Peace. He won the Nobel Prize—in these years of his country's stress; and we realise that the thirty pieces of silver, famous and infamous, have grown in value to—how many thousands of pounds? No matter: it is the same price.

So much for Romain Rolland. The earlier and more acceptable part of the volume consists of open letters to well-known men and a woman, intellectuals, who, through their words and examples, have been prominent in these years of battle. Verhaeren, d'Annunzio and Maeterlinck, these three, on the side of the angels, are addressed with a warmth of admiration and love, and a very triumph of eloquence, that—to put it in lame language—do the heart good. These letters must themselves be read: any second-hand opinion of them is like putting the Hallelujah Chorus through a gramophone; and the satisfaction of it is that the translation has been so sympathetically and skilfully done by Lady Frazer that the force and glamour of the original seem to be maintained. The other letters wherein neutrals, enemies, the self-blinded faddists of impossible peace, are addressed prove models of compelling invective. Amongst these lost leaders are Brandès the Busybody, Haeckel, "method made man," Maximilian Harden, Herbert Eulenberg, Bjoern Bjoernson, the byword of a great father, and our own Miss Emily Hobhouse. To her the author is kinder than she deserves, she who went out of her way to gloze the effects of the German violation of Belgium, that Calvary of a people. Says M. Loyson to her:

> "The light, white sheets of your 'manifestoes,' which through the storm of shrapnel you think to waft fluttering like so many doves of peace with olive branches in their mouths, are simply sowers of deaths—of deaths more multitudinous by millions than those that now we mourn! From this follows the very logical conclusion that our devil-dare fellows in the trenches are fighting for the cause of God; and that you, God's angel though you be, have taken service, all unwittingly, in the host of Hell."

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "The Gods in the Battle." By Paul Hyacinthe Loyson. Translated from the French by Lady Frazer. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

XUM

Novel Notes.

THE SNARE. By Rafael Sabatini. 5s. net. (Martin Secker.)

Most writers of romance avoid the risk of overstraining their imaginations by inventing a formula early in their careers and thereafter making all their books according to pattern. One of the charms of Mr. Rafael Sabatini's work is that he has never fallen into this easy-going habit. His newest romance is always a new one, and not the old one artfully retold. If one is tempted to use the old phrases in writing about his latest novel it is because they are so absolutely true of it. "The Snare" is literally a very delightful story. It does literally take hold of your interest at the start and keep you entertained and intensely interested to the end. Its plot is ingeniously contrived; in some hands it would be complicated; but it is so ingeniously handled that it seems the simplest and most natural thing in the world. It is the story of how Sir Terence O'Moy was taken in the snare of his own jealousy; and none of it would have happened if young Lieutenant Butler had not, in the first chapter, indulged in a bottle of wine or so too many and broken into a nunnery under the impression that he was invading a monastery to which he had been denied admittance. The place is Portugal, and the period that of the Peninsula War, and both Wellington and that romantic figure in the Napoleonic campaigns, Colonel Colquhoun Grant, the famous secret service agent, have parts in it. Perhaps the most dramatic moment, in a book that is alive with stirring drama, comes in the court-martial scene, when Sir Terence, labouring under a pardonable misapprehension, is suppressing facts and maliciously doing his utmost to bring about the death of his closest friend, Captain Tremayne, and Sylvia Armytage throws her honour to the winds and lies magnificently to save him. But the story is too good to be mangled in a summary. It begins as a thing for laughter, and comes near to growing into tragedy, yet, without a conventional happy ending, finishes in a way that satisfies you both by its artistic deftness and its touch of nature. Vivid, picturesque, full of life and incident, "The Snare" has all the elements that make for popularity, but is admirably written, with an art in narration that few popular novelists possess.

THE RED STAIN: A Story of Mystery and Crime. By Achmed Abdullah. 6s. (Simpkin.)

This story is a chronicle of certain startling events which are supposed to occur at the close of the Great War, when Americans and Europeans were "reeking with the oil of international love." It is neither a detective yarn nor a love story; in fact, it is one of those rare novels in which there is an entire absence of female characters. A great ball is held in Washington at which the President was to inaugurate a new era of peace. Vandewater, of the Foreign Office, who was present, overhears a remark made by the Japanese ambassador to the Chinese minister, and his mind is at once alert and wondering. In the night he is awakened by the news of the murder of a Senator, immediately suspects one Hussian Khan, and, throwing up his position, goes on the trail of "the god of the Invincibly Strong Arms." There follows a series of extraordinary crimes, culminating in an attempt on the life of the Tsar, which does not, however, lead to the result anticipated by the plotters. How Vandewater eventually attains his end and meets the criminal with the luminous red stain, shaped in the likeness of Shiva's caste-mark, forms a wonderfully exciting narrative which holds the reader's interest from first to last.

"BEHOLD AND SEE!" By Lilith Hope. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is the story of one of the many tragic problems that have arisen out of the war; a tragedy that has doubtless confronted many an unhappy, innocent woman. The book is dedicated to: "Happy wives and mothers;

From cover design of "Behold and See!"
(Hurst & Blackett.)

sheltered, protected: from your pinnacle of security look down into the abyss of suffering. . . . Behold and pity!" The heroine of this story is Sister Rose, a young nun, whose convent in Belgium falls into the hands of the invading Huns. Sister Rose is made the victim of one of the worst of German infamies, and the story resolves itself into a conflict in the soul of the nun between her beloved "vocation" and her pity and gradually awakened love for her innocent baby son. Such a subject as the author has chosen needs discreet treatment, and on this ground there is not the slightest fault to find; Miss Lilith Hope's treatment is admirable. But the subject also demands great strength and power of the author, if the story is to be entirely convincing; and this power Miss Hope does not display; instead, her style becomes at times slightly melodramatic. At characterisation the author is more successful, the book containing a number of skilful studies, notable amongst this number being Sybil—Sister Rose's sister-in-law.

TO THE MINUTE. By Anna Katharine Green. 3s. 6d. (Putnam.)

The author of "The Leavenworth Case" enjoys a deserved reputation as a writer of detective stories embodying a peculiar atmosphere. This book is made up of two stories. The mystery of an old house and a miser's hoard is unravelled in "To the Minute," with the help of a resourceful hero and a capable girl. Their wits are pitted against a clever villain, and the utmost possible effect is extracted from the material. "Scarlet and Black," the second story, is even more sensational. The scenes are laid in New York, where an unmarried doctor, on the point of sailing for Europe, returns home unexpectedly to find two lovely Russian women and a strange man gambling in the dining-room of his flat for sensational stakes. How the doctor probes the mystery of their identity with the help of detectives provides an interesting example of good magazine fiction.

TISH. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If you are in need of a tonic, something light and bubbly, and brimful of smiles, "Tish" is the prescription you are looking for. In place of a pick-me-up from the chemist's counter, try "Tish." Take it, and halve your apothecary's bill. Yet, stated baldly, "Tish" is nothing more exciting than the adventures of three elderly spinsters—three "dear old things." Tish, of course, is the ringleader of the three. Lizzie may be passed over as plump and cheerful; Aggie can be summed up as a sentimental party addicted to hay-fever, cubeb cigarettes (whatever they may be) and reminiscences of the late Mr. Wiggins.

But Tish—Tish refuses to be classified. She just runs amok whenever the impulse seizes her; and as Tish thrives on impulses, this outwardly sedate, matter-of-fact person gets involved in a series of hare-brained schemes and conspiracies of a most diverting nature. She has a way, too, of getting entangled in the love affairs of agreeable young people at a time when they are least agreeable. But whatever Tish does, whether she is helping Cupid or driving a racing car, or falling off a horse or out of a canoe, she does it in her own inimitable way. The merriment of this gaily written novel is infectious and well worth catching.

THIS WAY OUT. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Methuen.)

In spite of the tragic incident that overshadows its opening, and of the bizarre tragedy of Jane Vaguener's death that happens half way through, "This Way Out" is written in a lighter vein than is common with Mrs. Dudeney. Her pictures of a certain side of literary life in present-day London are drawn with a genial satirical humour, and with such truth to facts that one more than suspects some of her characters to be modelled on living originals. You are interested in her story, and even more in her people—particularly in the vulgar, industrious Jane Vaguener, with her irritating, loud laugh, her breezy vanity and overflowing good-nature, who makes a more than comfortable living by writing cheap serials; and in Bullivant, the modest, brilliant, unsuccessful artist, who lives on the other side of the landing, in the old house in Gray's Inn, is shyly and more or less covertly in love with his neighbour, the unlovely Jane, and holds that home is "any little corner where you crowd with the woman you love." In sharp contrast to these two is John Andrew Vaguener, Jane's brother, a gloomy, sinister, curiously tactful creature, who believes himself to be a literary artist, but is quite incompetent as a writer, and shamelessly sponges on his sister though he despises her and her work. The interest of the story centres on the Vagueners and their family, and their fateful ancestry—a story of cleverly woven comedy and the melodrama of actual life, written with the skill in characterisation and the mastery of realistic effect that are the hall-mark of Mrs. Dudeney's work.

MOOR FIRES. By E. H. Young. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

The success of Miss Young's former books, "Yonder" and "A Corn of Wheat," led her readers to expect that something remarkable would follow from her pen. It is doubtful, however, whether "Moor Fires" has quite come up to their expectations or to the high standard Miss Young has raised for herself. The book is a minute study of the lives of the four Canipers who lived with their stepmother in a house on the breast of the moor. Their seclusion from society and the mystery of the moor influenced deeply the sensitive temperament of the twin sisters Miriam and Helen, and they developed along such diverse lines that they reached the meeting-place of extremes, and formed the complement of each other. Miriam hungered for service, Helen's obsession was to give, Miriam grasped what Helen gave. And when Miriam had placed herself in real danger, Helen sacrificed both herself and her lover with an almost oriental submission to Fate. The closing chapters are the best in the book; they deal with Helen's married life, and are a very delicate psychological study. The climax of the tragedy is told in bare language and with restrained emotion, and if Miss Young has not yet reached the highest attainment of which she is capable, "Moor Fires" is a decided achievement.

THE LOVE STORY OF GUILLAUME-MARC. By Marian Bower. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is a romance of 1795, the setting in France, at a period when the blood of the revolutionists still ran hot, and the aristocrat who wished to keep his head on his shoulders had no course open but to make himself scarce. Guillaume-Marc, Captain of the Blue Company—a band of crusaders who sailed the high seas to rescue Christians from slavery—returns from his expedition to find all the old conditions changed, and mob rule holding sway in the little riverside town he left five years before. He has arrived just in time to witness the execution of an old aristocrat and his son, and to rescue a beautiful young girl from the same unhappy fate by complying with the wishes of the crowd and marrying her. He has never set eyes on his wife before that hour, yet an intense love for her soon kindles in his heart—but she shows no indication of returning it and is persuaded that her stranger-husband is a despicable character—a man without a name. Guillaume-Marc, his one desire in life to win his wife's affection, goes through thrilling adventures, having numerous hair-breadth escapes from death; but whether he attains his object in the end it would not be fair to disclose here. Miss Bower's romance has strong dramatic qualities and is altogether, in its line, an admirable piece of work.

THE DUPE. By Charlotte Mansfield. 6s. (Simpkin Marshall.)

It is undoubtedly good for us to remember and ponder on our mistakes. But we wonder whether South Africans will welcome such a comprehensive reminder as Miss Mansfield gives them in her new novel, of the results of their confiding attitude towards Germans in the Colony, while they are still paying the toll for such mistaken friendliness. Although this is decidedly a book which was needed—and one which has an obvious right to its share of printer's ink and precious paper, still one fancies our grandchildren will read "The Dupe" with greater interest than the Colonists of to-day. Once you realise clearly that you have behaved like a fool, you cease to welcome a repetition of the news, even from a friend. The story gives a very true picture of life in South Africa before the war. It is instructive and exceedingly interesting, dealing as it does with the spread of German influence throughout the Colony; the gradual introduction of German money into finance, of German goods into trade, and of German ideas into social life. The book shows clearly the double-faced attitude of the German Colonist, who kept one manner for his English friend (so-called), and used quite another within his home where he felt himself as safe as in a miniature Berlin. Folk on this side, who did not know South Africa before the war, will learn much from the book that is new and almost incredible, and at the same time enjoy a good story of how love triumphed over avarice

THE BORROWED LINER. By Laurence Clarke. 6s. (Mills and Boon.)

Mr. Laurence Clarke has a happy trick of rousing his reader's curiosity at the outset. When the first two lines of the first chapter bring Peter King bursting like a tornado into the private office of the big firm of rival shipowners who have just ruined him, you are constrained to read on to find out the cause of that furious entry; and though you find that out in a few pages, the end of the chapter leaves you in a new uncertainty as to the scheme for vengeance that flashes into Peter's mind just before he simmers down and goes quietly out of the room. It is a daring and sensational scheme which involves a mutiny at sea, the forcible borrowing of one of that rascally firm's ships, and a voyage that was to have been one of purely commercial enterprise but develops into a series of headlong adventures in which Peter and his crew ally themselves with the Governor of a Chinese island and save it and the mysterious goddess of its mountain from a barbarous invader. But the mountain goddess is not the real heroine of the tale—the heroine is a delightful American girl, Agatha Pellett, who evades being sent ashore with the rest of the passengers and the captain after the mutiny, and joyously sails with Peter and his associates on their piratical cruise. Lightly and briskly written, a blend of sensation, fantasy and exciting romance, "The Borrowed Liner" is an ingenious yarn and thoroughly entertaining.

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THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES. By Hilda M. Sharp. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is the latest addition to the publisher's First Novel Library, and Mr. Fisher Unwin is to be congratulated upon his courage in launching this literary barque on seas more or less perilous. The author also is to be congratulated upon a promising piece of work. It is an unusually mature piece of work for a first novel, revealing a sure hold upon life as it was lived by cultivated people in pre-war days. The story principally concerns the son of a rich, self-made man, who having made an ambitious marriage, dies estranged from his titled wife, and makes a nephew his heir. How these two boys face life and its problems—the insane quixotry of the one, and the smug poltroonery of the other—command the reader's attention and interest, though this is not done without putting an undue strain upon the reader's credulity. Patrick as the scapegoat for his cousin's wrongdoing fails to convince us. Celia is a captivating girl of character, and the other characters—county people mostly—are real people in all their environments. The author tends too much to the sententious and the exclamatory, and might with advantage to her theme write with less restraint. Her novel is worth reading.

THE INVISIBLE BALANCE SHEET. By Katrina Trask. 6s. (John Lane.)

Mrs. Trask is on the side of the angels every time; with zest she describes how the wealth her hero chose instead of love destroyed him with a strangle grip till the joy of every pleasure failed. This is, in fact, the story of Midas and the touch of gold, set now in fashionable New York society. Against this rushing, tumultuous world stands out the country simplicity of old Eben the farmer; against its passionate abandonment the restraint of a love that links itself with the best, not the worst, in human nature. The knot that is tied round John's neck bids fair to choke him and his release from it is not the least successful part of a novel that depends but little upon plot for its interest. The whole novel reveals a passionate love for honour and straight dealing. Mrs. Trask believes in goodness; she is not at all ashamed of her belief, but glories in it. "The Invisible Balance Sheet" strikes a reader as a story that gave great pleasure to its author in the writing. It wants pruning badly, yet one forgives much of its wordiness for the gusto of Mrs. Trask's own joy in it. Most novelists worry their characters for being so unsatisfactory; Mrs. Trask adores hers for what they may become, and this temper lends an air of engaging naïveté to the whole. The story will no doubt delight any simple-hearted reader who has no trace of cynicism in his make-up and, as regards his mental food, likes to know what he is eating. For assuredly "The Invisible Balance Sheet" is no literary kickshaw but a simple dish with an unmistakable flavour.

The Bookman's Table.

THE VOICE IN THE LIGHT. By Bart Kennedy. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Mr. Bart Kennedy no longer writes in that ejaculatory style which the young lions of *Punch* used to find so easy to parody; but somehow the change seems to have taken no more from the individual note of his writing than a change in the cut of his coat would take from his personal character. Those ejaculatory eccentricities were not the whole of his style, but the mere frills of it; they tended to obscure his sincerity, and we like it better without them. The tales of life and imagination in "The Voice in the Light" are of the distinctive Bart Kennedy vintage. Whether, as in some of his dreams of the past, he tells you of the joys and hopes and passions of primitive men and women, or, as in his land and sea tales of our own times, he spins realistic romances of ordinary people facing the work and hardships of the strenuous modern world, it is always the intensely human interest of his narrative that holds and comes home to you. The little things that make up the comedy and tragedy of humble lives have a potent appeal for him, and he has the art to make them curiously interesting to his readers. Like Mr. Wells, he is in love with humanity, and loves it the more for its weaknesses; he is wise in the ways of that part of the world that works, and having gathered a shrewd and kindly philosophy of life from the depths of his own experiences, adds to their charm and their strength by putting something of this philosophy of his into his stories.

LITTLE WHITE ROADS, and Other Poems. By Hugh A. MacCartan. (Heath, Cranton.)

A delightful little book which should receive a warm welcome from poetry lovers is Mr. Hugh A. MacCartan's "Little White Roads." Of the varied collection of poems not a few are connected with Ireland; "To Ireland in the Coming Times"; "A Year Ago To-day"—a poignant little cameo; "Dublin"; "A Woman of Erin"; and "A Prayer for Ireland" are a few of the titles. These show the author in graver mood, though by way of contrast he has sprinkled his pages with dainty lilting verse of a more general character written in lighter vein. But whether grave or gay the verse has a charm of its own that gives it an irresistible appeal.

RIPPLING RHYMES. By Walt Mason. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Walt Mason stands the test of time, and improves

"The Devil's Game."

Frontispiece drawn by Edmund J. Sullivan for "Kultur and Anarchy," a book of poems by F. C. Owlett, which Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing.

upon acquaintance. His "Horse Sense" has won such an excellent and deserved reception over here that this second book of his witty verses is assured of a flying start and a swift arrival. It has not the same crisp and metaphoric title, but we doubt whether any title of twenty-four words was ever so light and breezy, or more indicative of the contents within. We give it in full :

"Rippling Rhymes to suit the times, all sorts of themes embracin', some gay, some sad, some not so bad, as written by Walt Mason."

As you read on and recognise in every page the same mature and mellow experience of life expressed in the quaintest Americanisms and the most surprising rhyme and metre, you perceive what an individuality of touch Mr. Mason gives to every theme he handles. Old and trite maxims take on a new and dazzling freshness ; the sad things and disillusions of life develop mirth and laughter ; the trivial things we have never noticed blossom into colour and meaning at the touch of his magic pen. He has the joviality of Father Christmas and the mischievous love of ridicule that pervades the human boy. Here is an example ; it occurs at the end of a tiny poem called "The Snowy Day" :

"I lean upon ye rustic stile, and watch the children with a smile, and think upon a vanished day when I, as joyous, used to play, when all the world seemed young and bright, and every hour had its delight—and as I brush away a tear, a snowball hits me in the ear."

Happily the miseries of the times we are passing through have given a new and golden value to the endowment of humour, and we have reason to think that our suggestion of sending Mr. Mason's rhymes to our heroes at the front has occasioned many an hour of honest laughter where laughter is twice blessed and super-heroic.

THE DIVINE WORD AS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. By Annie E. Ridley. (Luzac & Co.)

Mysticism is a creeper that apparently is able to thrive on many supports. We find it holding on to mathematics even, in these latter days. It is small wonder, therefore, if it attaches itself to philology. The authoress of this booklet compares philology to geology and physiology, and etymology to chemistry and anatomy. The science of language, we are told, "takes cognisance of the whole physical universe, making it the means of expression for what is beyond physical life, and it may thus form the missing link between the two regions of science now separate." The illustrations of this principle are not convincing, however. It was an old Platonic error that a thought could be plumbed if you reached the meaning of its equivalent in speech, and this book reminds the reader of that ancient heresy. For example, the English term "word," in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, is no rendering of the Greek Logos. The latter had a subtlety and a range of meaning for which there is no equivalent in English ; the term "word" only expresses part of the original force of Logos. To deal transcendentally and mystically with such terms is to ignore the realistic Oriental background. The philosophy of language is a difficult study ; its bearings on religion are undoubted, but who will venture to deduce mystical truths from etymology ? The mystical truths may be right or wrong. Only, there is a sense of unreality when they are linked to derivations, and there is sufficient unreality already about current mysticism. Miss Ridley has some quaint and useful thoughts. But her pages do not lend a real basis to them. She is more impressive when she exhorts than when she argues. The symbolism of language is too complex and dangerous a study to be exploited hastily for religious ends. "Imagination is a good blood mare and goes well," as Lamb once wrote ; "but the misfortune is, she has too many paths before her." When Mysticism mounts Imagination, as she often does, she should beware of cantering hastily down the paths of etymology and philology.

A SELECTION FROM

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